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VOLUME 21 NUMBER 2

FWOOOOAR!

COVER GIRLS HEIDI AND LAURA SHARE THEIR SEX SECRETS

CUTE KIM IS YOUR KINKY NURSE

MORE RUDE NUDE GIRLS THAN EVER!

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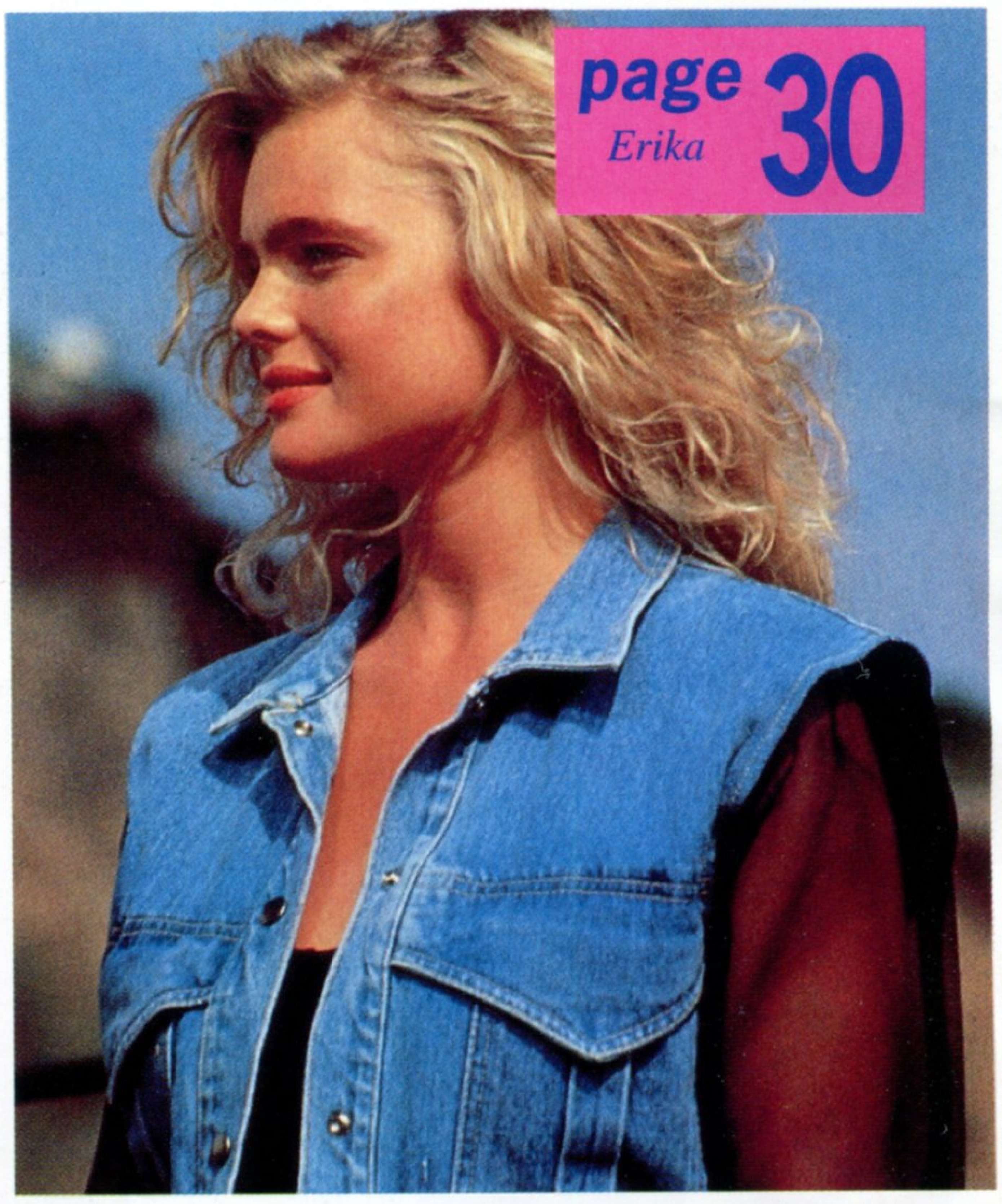
THIS MONTH IN CLUB
TEASE!
CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty One Number Two



Ever since last month's ish hit the stands the still-palatial-but-could-do-with-a-lick-of-paint Club HQ has been besieged by millions of angry readers, demanding an answer to one crucial question: why has the Tease! logo fallen onto its side?

Ever mindful of our readers' wishes, and also rather upset that we couldn't get to the pub, the Club Internal Affairs Department launched a full-scale enquiry. Their report has just been filed, and it reads as follows:

Internal Affairs Dept: Why did you put the Tease! logo on its side?

Ace designer Rod 'Leonardo' Edwards: I was drunk.

IAD: Oh well. I suppose we'd better keep it like that now, otherwise people will realise it was a mistake.

AdR'L'E: I can't be bothered to change it anyway.

IAD: Oh. Ok, then.

Thanks to their proven investigative abilities, the

Publisher: Paul Raymond
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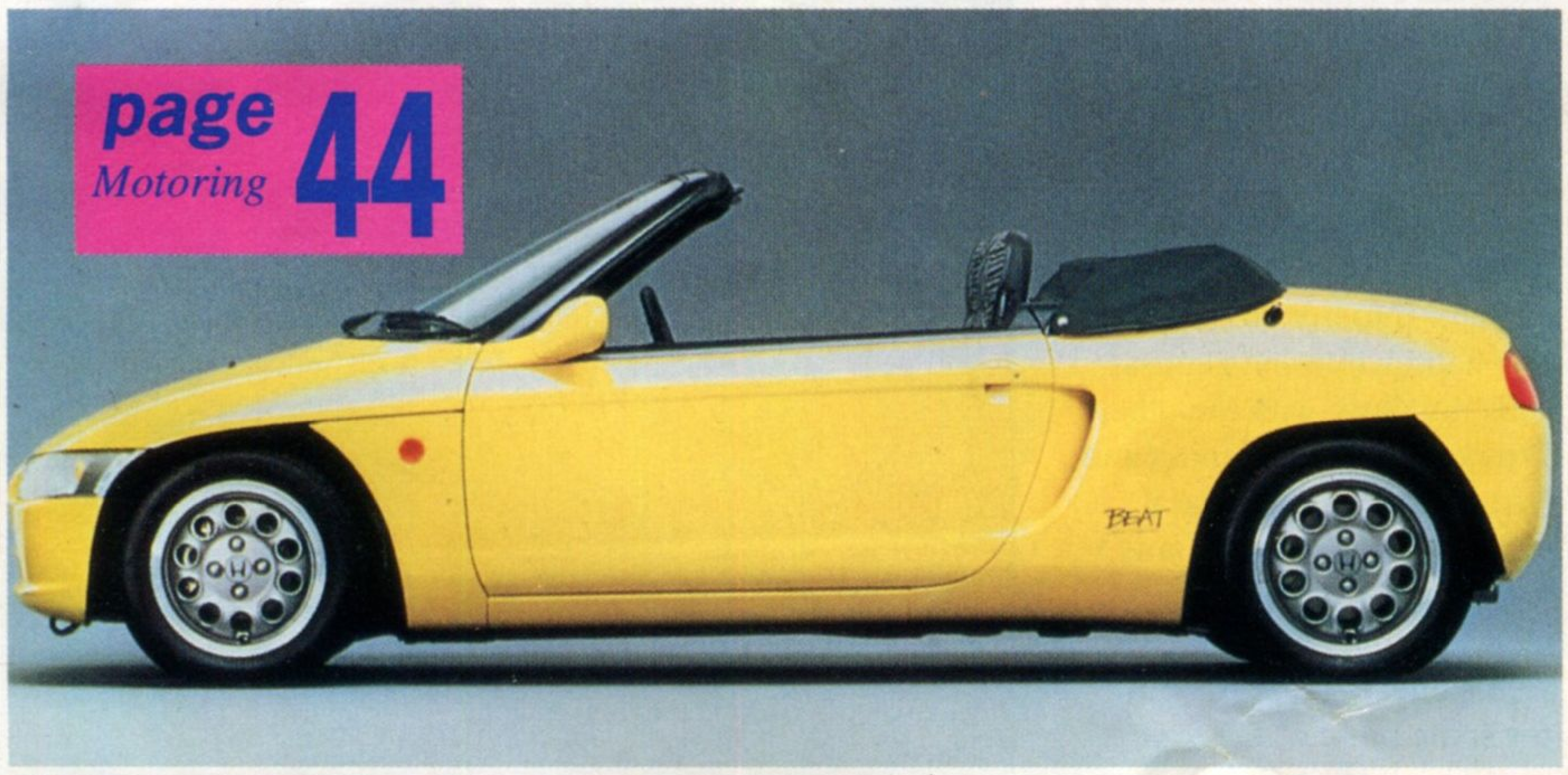
IAD has now been given the job of finding the missing Maxwell millions.

Otherwise things have again been quiet around here. The Ed went for a piss-up with Girl of the Year Lucy last week, and came in the next morning still drunk, saying "She'sh really lovely, you know. She'sh sho lovely that she'sh really... lovely." The staff knew what this meant. Yet again he'd failed to get his leg over. Pathetic in a grown man, isn't it.

When the hangover set in he phoned Kim (page 12) to ask if she could mop his fevered brow. "I'm not really a nurse, you know," she said. "I only dressed up as one so you could stand behind Joanie Allum when she was taking the shots pretending to 'art direct' the thing, and all the time both me and Joanie saw you dribbling down your shirt front. It's pathetic in a grown man, you know, Steve."

But enough of the Ed's pathetic but peculiarly boring life. We, The Only People Around Here Who Do Any Work, have prepared another throbbing, taut, pouting, well-appointed issue for you. We have the return of the stunning Marissa (page 23), gorgeous new girl Anita (page 45), loads more horny photosets of incredibly beautiful women, and a new gardening column by Henry Kissinger (page 31). That last one was the Ed's idea, of course. Pathetic in a grown man, isn't it? ♣



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IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Lezzie Friends

My name is Cheryl and a few weeks ago I split up with my fiance. To cheer myself up I asked an old friend, Sarah, around to my flat. After a few glasses of wine our tongues became loose and we started talking more openly.

"Do you miss the sex you had with Andy?" Sarah asked. I told her that I did, my vibrator being my only consolation. Sarah seemed fascinated when I said that, and she suggested that I should go and get it.

Before I could say no, Sarah's arm was around my shoulder and she was almost sitting on me. I tried to pull away, but I was captivated by her big brown eyes staring into mine and moreover, her red lips closing in on mine. Next thing I knew we were hugging and kissing each other passionately. I felt hot all over and wanted to go further.

My hand cautiously moved to Sarah's large boobs and as I began to knead the soft flesh her hand moved up my thigh, brushing my moist pussy. I began moaning, begging for Sarah to go down on me. "I've been waiting for you to say that!" she whispered.

I pulled off my bra and wriggled out of my tight mini, leaving me wearing my boots and a very damp pair of silk panties. Sarah knelt between my knees, then started licking my pussy through my soaking panties, sending little shivers right through me.

"I want to lick you properly," said Sarah as she peeled off my panties. Her pussy licking told me that she was no stranger to all-girl sex. Her tongue probed in and out of my tight, juicy hole and pressed my clitty.

My pussy muscles started contracting around her tongue and she carried on licking me, making sure she got every last drop of cream from my cunt. Then she taught me how to do the same to her, and when I tasted her juices as I licked her I came again without even touching myself!

Now I've learned to love lesbian sex, and always fantasize about doing it with girls. I still have sex with Sarah, and we've experimented a lot: my favourite is when I get on all fours on the bed, wearing nothing but my bra and hold-up stockings. I rest on my knees and elbows with a copy of Club in front of me, open at my favourite girl. While I imagine all the dirty things I'd do with her if I got the chance, Sarah gets behind me and slowly inserts a big vibrator into my pussy with one hand while she gently rubs my clitty with the other. Pretty soon I'm groaning and Sarah's telling me what a naughty little voyeur I am. My orgasms like this are always explosive! Then when I've come, it's Sarah's turn for some more of the same...

— Cheryl, High Wycombe

"Police? There's been a break in at 165 Westmount Road — for God's sake hurry!"

Pussy Party

I'm an avid reader of Club so I thought I'd write and tell you what happened to me a few months ago at my sister's birthday party.

My sister's best friend Sharon is a 19-year-old brunette with a slim waist, long legs and a firm round bum. On this particular night it was being shown off by a saucy little tight black miniskirt.

Sharon was dancing around with her friends and I just couldn't work up the courage to approach her. But when I saw her leaving I offered to walk her home, and she grinned at me and said she'd be delighted.

When we got to her house she invited me in. "My parents have gone away for the week," she said. "I'm all alone, and I get a little scared sometimes." She led me in, and immediately pounced on me, taking me completely by surprise as she whispered, "I've always wanted you." I gratefully returned her kisses, my cock springing erect and rubbing against the crotch of my jeans.

My hands started homing in on Sharon's pert bum and she gave a little gasp as I gave her cheeks a firm squeeze. She frantically dragged me into her bedroom and I pulled off her sweater to reveal her small, firm tits and erect nipples. Then I pulled her mini-skirt down and she wriggled out of her panties while practically ripping my

Dear Lisa-Anne,

After seeing your pictures in Vol 21 No 1, I had to write in and let you know what a great start to the New Year you gave me. I could hardly believe my eyes when I opened up the magazine and saw you.

My fantasy would be to seduce you beside a swimming pool, just like the one in your photos.

It's a hot day and you've decided to cool down by taking a dip. I watch as you pull yourself out of the water, gazing at the way your tight costume outlines your curvy body. You lie down on a sun-lounger and I gently rub suntan oil over your body.

My fingers slide under your swimming costume and I pull

IN	OUT
Style guru Terence Trendy's tips for the top	
Milky bar raisins	Mars ice cream
Getting legless	Being sensible
Bruce Forsyth	Vic Reeves
Frottage	Tickling
Gossard Wonder Bras	Triumph sports bras
Mike Baldwin	Ken Barlow
Valeria Golino	Jamie Lee Curtis
Cathy Dennis	Betty Boo
Knickers-on sex	Cross-dressing
Getting fat	Sport
Long johns	Boxer shorts
Insanity	Intelligence
Going Live	*Motormouth* ♣

it down over your legs leaving you completely naked. I gently rub suntan oil into your breasts and you begin to moan.

By now my cock is rock hard and raring to go. I sit astride you and slide my prick between your boobs, massaging them against my shaft as I thrust upwards.

You clamp your tits around my dick as I thrust faster and faster until I can't hold back any longer. With a loud groan I shoot all over your tits, and you take great glee in rubbing my sticky load into your soft skin.

What happens after that, Lisa-Anne? I'll leave that up to you! — *Peter, Brighton*

Well, Peter, after you've shot your hot load over my tits I'm ready for anything! My pussy lips are swollen and sticky, and I can't resist wriggling two fingers deep inside myself. You watch intently as I frig myself to orgasm, then I'm all ready for you.

I lay you on the bed with your dick sticking up like a big purple flagpole, then I squat down on your thick cock and bounce up and down until you can't stand it any longer and fill my cunt with your creamy load.

Mmm, just the thought of it has got me sliding a hand down to my hot pussy already! — ***Lisa-Anne*** ♣

shirt and jeans off. I never dreamt she would be as eager for me as was for her!

Sharon jumped on top of me and we fell onto her bed. Then she guided my cock into her hot, wet hole. It felt so amazing in that beautifully tight tunnel that it only took a few strokes before I felt my load surge up into her. She wasn't disappointed, though. "Mmm, now that we've done it for the first time, we've got plenty of time to do it over and over again!" she laughed.

She could see I needed a bit of perking up after I'd come, so she disappeared, wiggling her firm little bottom at me as she went, and came back a few minutes later wearing a pair of sheer black nylon stockings and a classy silk suspender belt. As I lay back on the bed she positioned herself over me, her wet

continued on page 21

Susan

Photographs by Harry Linden

Any man lucky enough to be a visitor to Susan's bedroom had better prepare themselves for a long stay, because the 19-year-old from Cheshire doesn't believe in doing things by halves.

"The only thing I've got in my bedroom is a huge double bed," laughs Susan. What else do you need?"

"I need to be completely pampered too. I only let a fella out once he's totally satisfied me, and if that means spending three or four days in bed, then that's just tough luck!

"In fact all this talk has made me so horny, I know the first place I'll be going when I've finished shooting for Club — straight back to bed, of course!" ♣

gobble!

NAT FAT R.I.P.

They're calling it the end of an era. But enough of Russian history: what about the death of **Nathaniel Fatbastard**? The Catford Casanova chronicles his final hours...

I was lying on the satin sheets in my suite at the five star, four crown, three spanner and one stuck-up receptionist George Wanque Hotel (Deux, Rue la Danny, Paris). The door opened and a black satin-clad pair of tits squeezed through, followed several seconds later by their handler.

"Bonjour Mon Sewer Grosbastard, I am your chambermaid, Fiona Occupier. You wanted zee service in your room?"

I stared down a cleavage as wide as the Wye valley, with two firm nipples straining against the satin like black bakelite radio knobs. I couldn't resist twiddling them. After a few seconds to warm up, the reception was excellent.

"Oooh la la, you naughtee leetle man!"

"Well, you're half right," I quipped, pulling her on top of me. Fiona's funbags had a bigger inadequate housing problem than Tower Hamlets — they bounced out of their shelter as soon as she hit the sheets. I clamped a nipple between my lips for a little tete-a-tit.

The member of Trousers North rose, about to make a maiden screech.

"Oooh, Nattee, darling, take me, I'm yours," she purred.

I shut my eyes as Percy whitewashed the walls of her small, pink porch.

When I opened them, Fiona had gone and so had the hotel, but not my stiffy which was still gushing like Old Faithful, that geyser down under.

"It's Mr Fatbastard!" shouted a blurry vision in front of me. "His eyes are opening — he's coming to!"

The blur took shape, a fucking enormous shape. Was it Moby Dick? No, it was a vast nurse, so huge that she was State Registered, but in Liberia. Suddenly it all came flooding back to me — the bed was tilted upwards.

I'd been driving home on New Year's Eve when a tanker filled with Hevian Mineral Water pulled out quicker than a Catholic nearing orgasm. We'd crashed, and worse still I'd missed out on a shag. I moaned as I felt my hard-on returning.

"Now, Mr Fatbastard, you mustn't excite yourself," said the Great White Female. "You've had an accident."

"I know," I thought, feeling the damp patch between my thighs. I looked around. Both my arms and legs were in plaster, and I was bandaged from head to toe. I looked like an Egyptian mummy. Only my willy was untouched — not even BUPA owned that much bandage!

Then a beautiful Asian woman in a white coat appeared — the tent pole holding up the sheets waved a welcome.

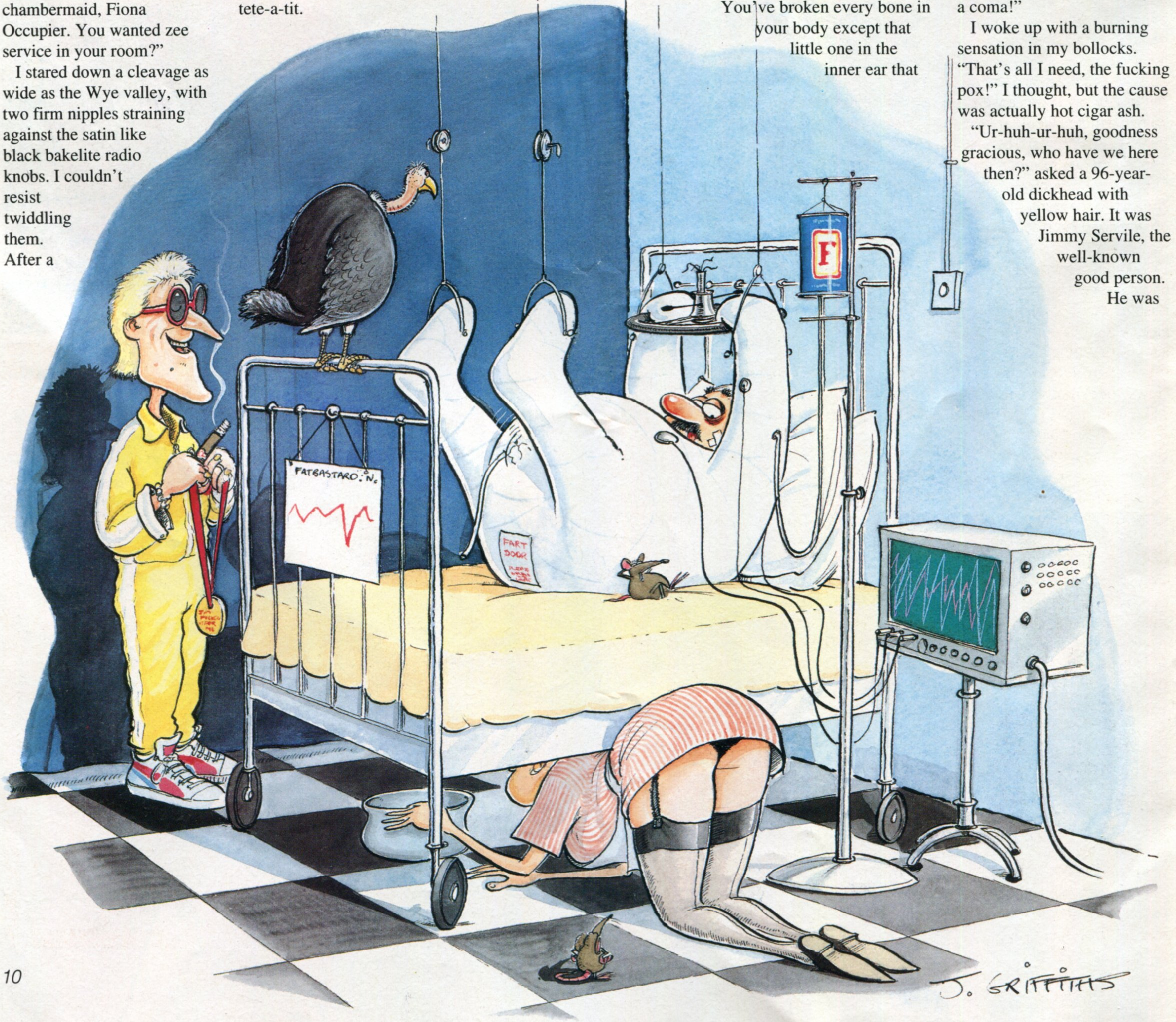
"Ah, Mr Fatbastard, you've come out of your coma. Welcome to Stroke Glandiville Hospital. I'm the casualty doctor, Beth Rumpeepumpee, and I'll do everything I can for you. Not that there's much I can do. You've broken every bone in your body except that little one in the inner ear that always gets mentioned in general knowledge quizzes. In fact, for the last 45 minutes you've been technically dead. Did you visit heaven?"

She pulled back the sheets to reveal my dripping dick.

"Yes, I see you did. You'll live, but I'm afraid you'll be a vegetable — judging by your current state, a cucumber. Never mind, we have wonderful facilities here. We have the biggest Intensive Condescension ward in the country. There's basket weaving and soft toy stuffing for you to... errr... watch. And our patron is none other than ex-DJ Sir Jimmy Servile OBE. He's been patronising patients here since the 60s. Then there's Esther Ratbag of *That's Shite*: she comes along to be filmed with the kids once a year for the BBC's *Children In The Ratings* appeal and... Nurse, I think Mr Fatbastard's fallen back into a coma!"

I woke up with a burning sensation in my bollocks. "That's all I need, the fucking pox!" I thought, but the cause was actually hot cigar ash.

"Ur-huh-ur-huh, goodness gracious, who have we here then?" asked a 96-year-old dickhead with yellow hair. It was Jimmy Servile, the well-known good person. He was



carrying a tray containing my breakfast, a bowl of mashed bananas (free), soggy Shitabix (also free) and cold porridge (free and disgusting). Is this what Nathaniel Fatbastard, the man who has eaten and thrown up in the world's finest restaurants, was reduced to? I threw it at the machine going 'ping' by my bedside.

"Oh goodness gracious, ur-huh-ur-huh! Be careful, young fellow-me-lad," wittered Jim. "That machine is all that's keeping you alive. Break that, and you're brown bread, as it happens. And we couldn't have that today, because, as it happens, you're having a very special visitor."

A visitor! It must be Ninja, my ex-wife, to say she was wrong to leave me. Or better still the girl I was about to shag when I crashed, here to kiss my one unbandaged bit! My cock grew bigger than Servile's cigar at the thought. Even Dr Rumpeepumpee managed a smile, despite being near the end of a 23-hour shift.

"Who is it?" I asked, but she'd only say it was a well known woman. Could it be Panneka Arse to park her award-winning rump on my face as a fond farewell? Or Amanda Cadaverbrain to end my misery by suffocating me with her tits?

Suddenly a hundred press photographers burst in, flashing more often than a park pervert during school hockey practice. They were followed by a three video crews, eight radio reporters and a man from the *Catford Evening Telephone* with a notepad and a blunt pencil. Finally, came the object of all this attention, our ex-PM, Lady Margaret Twatter.

"Ah Mr Fatbastard," she said. "I just had to come and see you. As you know, when I was Prime Minister I spent much of my time being filmed consoling the victims of disasters. And you know, even though I am now no longer PM, and have my own chat show on American TV, I still like to find time to visit deserving causes. And you, errr... Nathaniel — thank you, Cecil — you Nathaniel are a deserving cause. Nobody typifies more what I stood for in the 1980s — gross over-consumption, the joys of ownership and the pursuit of wealth for personal pleasure. You are the ultimate Twatterite. So, it is with great pleasure that I can announce that in the next honours list, you will become Sir Nathaniel Fatbastard KBE!"

The flash bulbs popped as Mags shook me warmly by the one part not in plaster. I might be fucked but at least I had got the recognition I deserved. That was worth living for. Unfortunately, as she left, Maggie's heel caught in the flex on my life support machine and pulled out the plug.

"Ah Mon Sewer Grosbastard, you 'ave come back..." said Fiona the French maid as I rolled around with her on the satin sheets.

Life, who fucking needs it?

Next month: Sir Nathaniel Fatbastard writes from beyond the grave — exclusively in Club International. ♣

TOP TITS

This month Tits on Tour finishes its trip around the world in 40Ds. After sampling German jugs, Mexican mamms, Soviet shagger lumps and glorious globes of all shapes and sizes, it's good to be back.

And having seen every country's cuddle bundles, my willy and I are proud to stand up for our glorious country. British Bristols are best. We have the cutest curves and most nibblesome nipples in the world. In fact, I'm prepared to defend British Boobs to the death, and with that aim in mind I have penned the following patriotic anthem, to be sung at the Last Night of the Mamms. Come on, guys, all together now:

Glands of hope and glory,
Hanging loose and free.
Oh, how we adore thee
In cup size B, C and D.
Larger still, and larger
Shall thy nipples grow
Glands of hope and glory
Swinging as they go.
No, that's right. Bristols ever, ever, ever shall be waved! Aha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha. BANG!

It appears that our regular filth columnist and boob expert George Breast has gone mad and shot himself. So next month, we'll have to find another excuse for a gratuitous picture of a nice pair of nellies. — The Ed. ♣

THE GALLERY

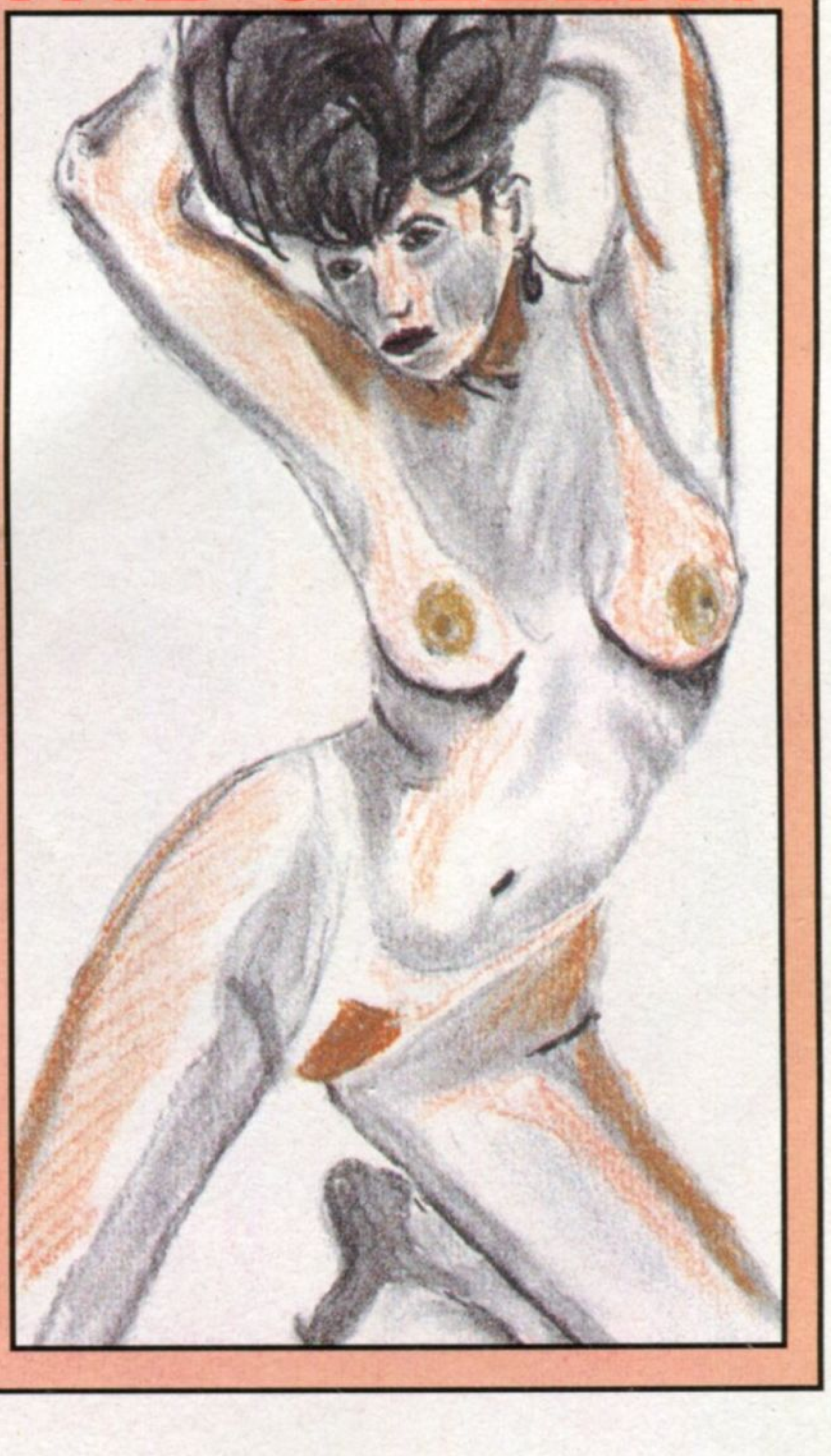
Avalanches of crap drawings have crashed through the Club letter box since we started our Gallery section last month. But undoubtedly the worst was this sorry effort from Mr I.M. of Harrow.

"It's supposed to be Lucy from Volume 20 Number 12," muttered I.M. when we phoned up and laughed at him. "I'm very pleased you're going to use the picture, and I don't mind you taking the piss out of me at all. Do I get paid for it?"

No you don't, you cheeky bastard. Neither will anyone else who sends their drawings to The Gallery, Club International, 2, Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. However, you will receive an artistic appraisal like this one:

Club art critic Edward Floozie-Smith writes: It is in the contrast between simplicity and detail that the tension of Mr I.M.'s work comes alive. The complex use of light and subtle lines belies the innate eroticism of the subject's form, while luxuriant splashes of colour force the viewer to confront his own preconceptions of the visual semiotics of the nude.

Mind you, she's got a sheep on her head and her foot's deformed. It's shite, really. ♣



Photographs by Joanie Allum

cute Kim

SHE'LL MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE!

Hi there, fellas! Now I'm not a girl who likes to disappoint people, and from all the letters that you've sent me, it seems that quite of a few of you would to play doctors and nurses with me — so this month I've decided to be Nurse Wetherby. And if you thought that nurses were strait-laced and boring then I'm here to prove you wrong!

Now you have to pretend to be my patient, and from the look of you, you certainly seem to be a bit hot and bothered; so I'll have to take your temperature and feel your pulse. What's that you're saying? You feel as hot as I look in my nurse's uniform! We'll have none of that, you naughty boys! Drink up your medicine and I'll get you ready for a bed bath — don't be shy; it's nothing I haven't seen before!

Mmm, has anyone ever told you what a lovely body you

have? It's making me feel a little bit randy, to be honest! In fact, I've got a naughty suggestion to put to you. You won't tell matron, will you? You see, this uniform is so tight it's making me feel a bit uncomfortable — you don't mind if I take it off, do you? Mmm, that's better!

Oh, I can see by the look on your face that you're a little bit shocked. Well, just lie back and relax. I'm not going to hurt you, I promise! You can bet that I'm going to make my number one patient feel a lot better!

Talk about fun! I've certainly enjoyed being Nurse Wetherby this month and, of course, I hope all you fellas have enjoyed it too! I won't ruin the surprise by telling you what I'll be dressed as next month — but I'm sure you're going to like it a lot! So keep all those sexy suggestions coming in, I read every one and listen to everything you have to say. Until next month — bye! — ***Kim*** ♣

If you want Kim to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. She'll do what you ask!

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letters to KIM

Dear Kim,
I only started buying Club regularly after you first started appearing in it. I would imagine that you've been told this a million times before, but you are the sexiest girl that I've ever seen; and I thought I'd write in and share my fantasy with you.

I would be shopping in town when I enter a clothes shop. After selecting a pair of jeans I head towards the changing room and collect my 'one item' tag from a stunning assistant whose name badge reads (surprise, surprise!) Kim Wetherby.

I enter and draw the curtain of the cubicle, then start to unfasten my trousers. I let them fall to the floor as I dreamily recollect the coy smile you gave me as I entered, when suddenly the curtain is thrust aside.

"Is everything all right, sir?" you ask, with a wicked glint in your eye. To my surprise you step in the cubicle beside me, pulling the curtain shut behind you.

You stand in front of me, slowly stripping off your clothes to reveal lovely white silk underwear which clings to your curvy body.

I run my fingertips up the insides of your thighs, under the elastic of your panties and through your pubes. You feel moist as I rub your clitoris, bringing you to orgasm.

You see the urgency in my eyes now, so you slide your panties down and crouch over my cock, lowering yourself onto my length. I groan as I am engulfed and we build up a wonderful rhythm together. I cannot hold back any longer and I bury my face in your pert breasts as you milk my cock with frantic movements.

What do you think of my fantasy then Kim? I hope you like it as much as I do! — *Dave, Bolton*

Mmm, you've certainly got a naughty imagination, Dave! I can imagine our sexy encounter happening in slow-motion and soft-focus, like something out of a movie. You'd be right about me wearing silk underwear too. I've got a wardrobe full at home — nothing beats the feeling of sheer silk against skin; apart from a fella's body that is!

Dear Kim,
My name is Paul and I'm your number one fan! I cut out all your pictures from Club and stick them along the walls of my bedroom. At night I often dream of all the naughty things we could do together!

This is my favourite fantasy: We meet at a party and you invite me back to your place for coffee. When we're there you say that you want to slip into something more comfortable. Little do you know that I follow you into the bedroom and am watching you. You slowly take off your blouse, then you slide down your tight mini-skirt to reveal your white panties. It isn't until you look in the mirror that you realise I am watching and have a massive erection.

You give me a knowing smile as you approach me and you take my cock in between your pouting lips. The way you expertly suck me makes me come very quickly and you swallow

every last drop.

What do you think of that, Kim? Also, I'd like to see you dress in rubber for one of your Club photo-sessions. — *Paul, Birmingham*

I bet that you're really naughty, Paul — because your fantasy certainly is! To answer your second question, I've never worn rubber, but I wouldn't mind giving it a try! My friend gets really turned on by it and says that she'll take me to one of those 'fetish parties' one day. I think I'd be a little embarrassed to do that, but she's convinced that I'd really enjoy it. Maybe I should give it a try!

Dear Kim,

You have to be my ideal dream date. I would love to take you out to dinner one night. I can just imagine coming to pick you up at your house. You answer the door and you're wearing a long black off-the-shoulder dress which shows plenty of your cleavage.

Anyway, after an evening of wining and dining we go to a swish hotel room. You'd gradually pull the dress down to reveal your pert breasts, then you go further down, so I can see your cute pussy. Of course, in my fantasy you'd be wearing no underwear.

You'd step out of your dress and then approach me, and I can see your nipples getting erect. You'd notice the bulge in my trousers, and you'd reach down and pull my zip down to reveal my erect cock. "Oh, Keith," you'd purr. "I hope you know what do with that thing!"

I lay you down on the bed and we make love until the morning. So, Kim, how about it? — *Keith, Bedford*

How did you know that I adore making love in hotel bedrooms, Keith? Or did you just make a lucky guess? Actually, I'll let you into a little secret, I sometimes get men friends of mine to treat me to a naughty weekend away in the country! There's nothing I like better than to be completely pampered, and those big hotel beds make me feel really randy, if you know what I mean! Maybe I'll just have to find myself a handsome man who owns a whole chain of swanky hotels — that way I could be pampered each and every weekend! ***— Kim*** ♣

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ARSE FROM THE PAST

Great Moments In Bottom History number four: Boadicea, Queen of the Lard Arses

"I don't suppose we'll see a female leader of Mercia in my lifetime." That was what Boadicea said to Walden the Unready on his Sunday lunchtime chat show back in 500 AD. She was wrong, because just two weeks later the massive Midlander won Mercia by a landslide and became Queen of Britain. The reason? Historians can now confirm she ruled the country with her bottom.

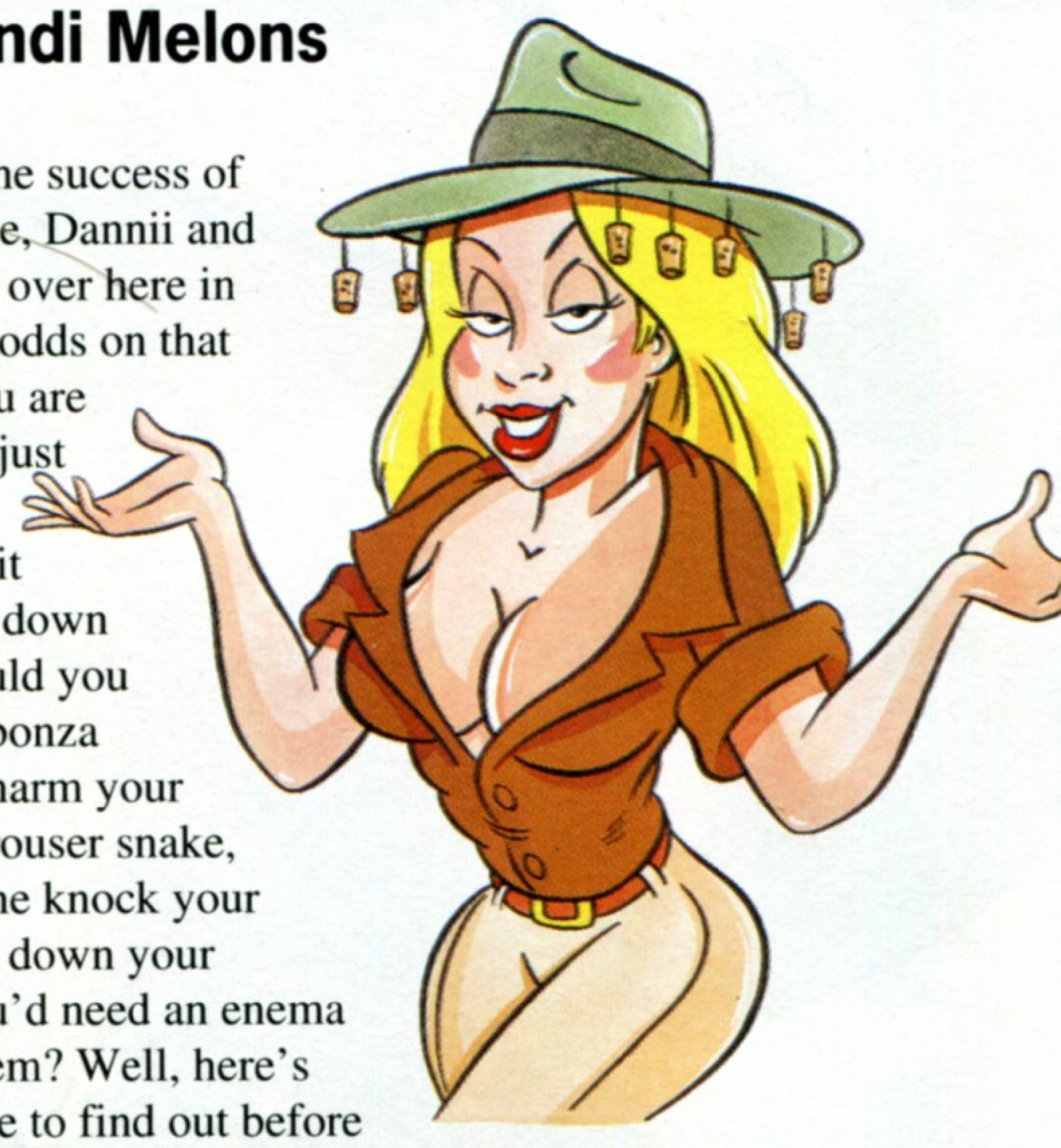
Boadicea had the biggest backside yet recorded. She had one chariot for each buttock, and crushed Fartbreath the Unkempt, King of Wessex, by simply sitting on his face. In the case of Hereward the Cock, well endowed King of the Shitty Bits of Essex, she aimed lower, and it wasn't long before he too was put down. The only man to get close to deposing the vast-arsed Queen was Alfred the Grate, who became famous for burning her buns.

But rule by rectum couldn't last, and soon Britain would be invaded by a new breed of Norman women with tight little derrieres, led by William the Porn-Procurer in 1066. An example of one of these is illustrated above. All pictures of Boadicea's fearsome rear seem to have vanished. Thank Christ. ♣

quiz

OZBONKING

Are you the kind of guy who could pull Ozzie Sheilas like a dunny-man pulls flies? Find out with **Sandi Melons**



With the success of Kylie, Dannii and Dame Edni over here in Britain it's odds on that some of you are wondering just how you'd do with a bit of crumpet down under. Would you find some bonza Sheila to charm your one-eyed trouser snake, or would she knock your teeth so far down your gizzard you'd need an enema to clean them? Well, here's your chance to find out before you waste money on the air fare. Sydney's top beach queen, **Sandi Melons**, has prepared this simple quiz. Just answer the questions and tot up your tally.

1) You meet a girl named Sheri in a boomerangburger (they keep coming back to you) bar in Woomabazooma. You're desperate to impress her. Do you:
a) Offer to give her a lift home in your Ferrari.
b) Outline the salient points in the latest EEC white paper on kangaroo imports.
c) Fart so loudly it makes the windows rattle.
d) Drink 80 cans of Swan lager and throw up.

2) A woman called Brandi approaches you at a party and invites you back to her place for dinner. Would you:
a) Rush home, shower, slip into a leopardskin posing pouch and annoint your body with sexy smelling oils.
b) Offer to make a scrummy hi-fibre, sugar free cheesecake for dessert.
c) Shout, "Hey fellas! There's a bird here who's just gagging for a portion of my pork sword," then go to a cricket match with your mates.
d) Drink 80 cans of Swan lager and throw up.

3) You're taking Soggi out on a first date. You're keen to create a good impression. Where do you take her?
a) An expensive restaurant for a candlelit dinner.
b) A fringe theatre to see a challenging new Nicaraguan drama about seal culling.
c) A wet t-shirt contest and dwarf-throwing event.
d) The off-licence to buy 80 cans of Swan Lager.

4) Droopi tells you she's just split up with her boyfriend. She's obviously upset. What do you tell her:

a) That sometimes a night of raunchy sex is the best cure for a broken heart. And it just so happens you're free this evening.
b) That the insensitive behaviour of men disgusts you. She'd be better off as a lesbian.
c) That you're not surprised. She's got a face like an iguana who's just sat on a porcupine.

d) That you've just drunk 80 cans of Swan lager and Woaaaaaaaargh! Sorry about your blouse.

5) At the end of a date with Silli you invite her in for a night cap. Do you:
a) Dim the lights, pop an Alexander O'Neil album on the CD and pour her a large VSOP cognac.
b) Make a nice pot of camomile tea and put the latest Ingmar Bergman film on the video.
c) Ask her to put the kettle on and make a plate of bacon sandwiches while you watch the boxing.
d) Drink 80 cans of Swan lager and throw up over her.

6) You're in bed with Slurpi for the first time. She asks which position you'd prefer to adopt. What do you reply?
a) "The first 50 pages of the Karma Sutra will do for starters, darling!"
b) "Any of the ones that don't reinforce conventional dominant male/passive female stereotypes."
c) "From behind. There's rugby on the box and I don't want to miss it."
d) "With my head in the toilet. I've just drunk 80 cans of Swan lager and I'm about to throw up."

7) You wake up the morning after a night of passion with Gooli. She is still asleep. Do you:
a) Get up, make a jug of Buck's Fizz, then wake her up with a bout of passionate lovemaking.
b) Get up, make a wholesome bowl of muesli, then wake her up by hoovering her bedroom.
c) Shout "Wake up you lazy cow. I've been waiting for breakfast for over 30 seconds."
d) Drink 80 cans of Swan lager and throw up.

8) You want to end your relationship with Puppi. What do you do?
a) Tell her you've had a great time, but you can't remain faithful to one woman because it isn't fair on all the others.
b) Tell her you'd love to carry on with things as they are, but you can sense that she needs her own space so that she can find out who she really is.
c) Tell all your mates that she's got a bum as big as Tasmania and tits that droop worse than a celibate wombat's scrotum, then wait till one of them repeats it all to her.
d) Drink 80 cans of Swan lager and throw up over her.

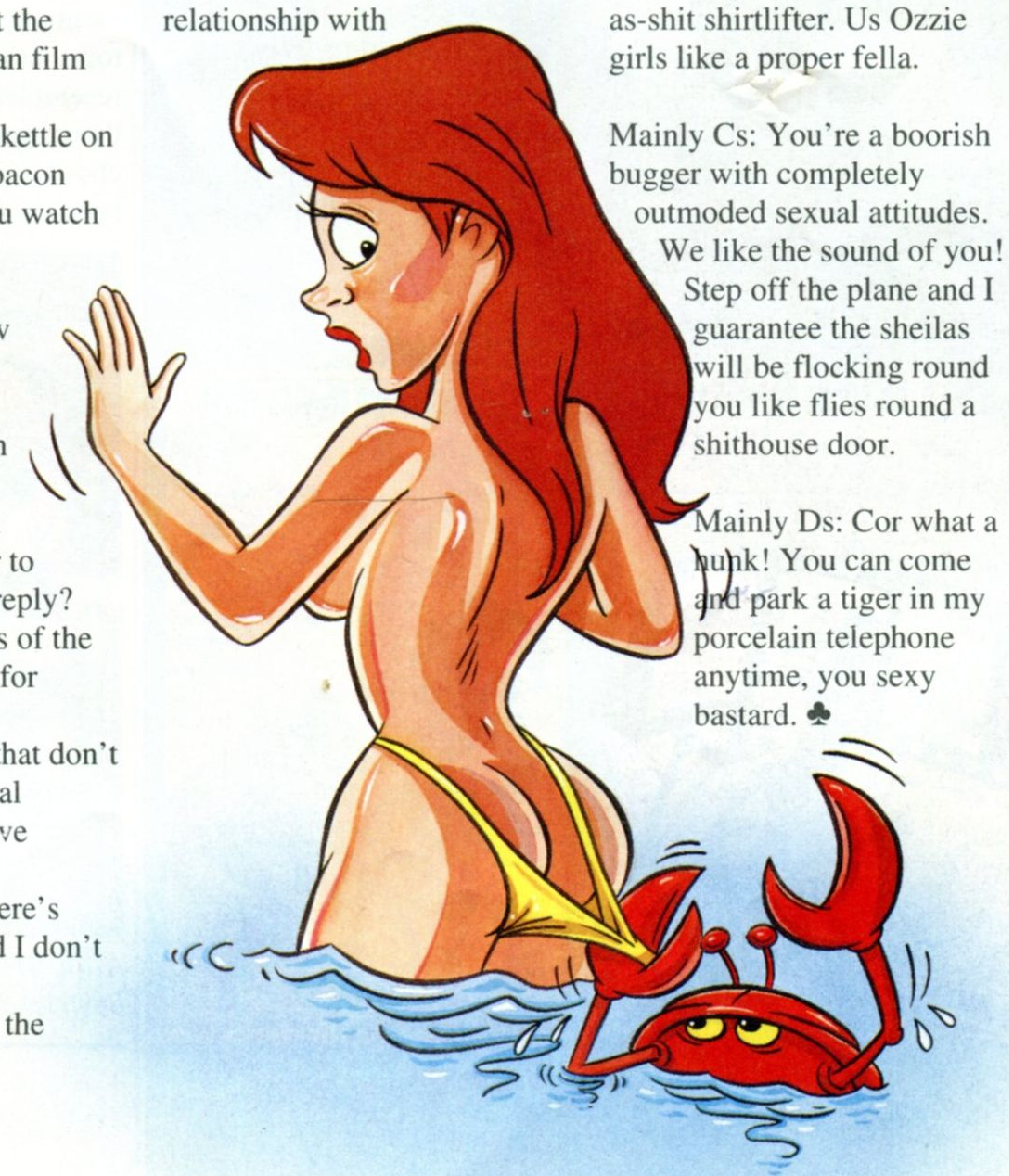
Results:

Mainly As: You're obviously a wealthy fella, with a skillful sexual technique and a sophisticated attitude. We can't stand your type here in Oz, so stop at home you big-headed pommie bastard.

Mainly Bs: You're clearly a sensitive and caring new man. Stop at home you soft-as-shit shirtlifter. Us Ozzie girls like a proper fella.

Mainly Cs: You're a boorish bugger with completely outmoded sexual attitudes. We like the sound of you! Step off the plane and I guarantee the sheilas will be flocking round you like flies round a shithouse door.

Mainly Ds: Cor what a hunk! You can come and park a tiger in my porcelain telephone anytime, you sexy bastard. ♣



IN THE BAG

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pussy inches above my face, and leant forward to take my limp cock into her mouth.

Her pussy was neatly trimmed, so I could see her lips shining with juice. I couldn't resist playing with her clitty while she sucked my knob, which was now growing fast with the treatment it was receiving. She moaned as I ran my sticky fingers along her slit before pushing three fingers into her wet pussy.

"That really gets me hot," she said, letting my cock slide from her mouth. "Now I want to be fucked!"

I pushed her onto her back and Sharon raised her legs high in the air to open her pussy as wide as possible. My cock was rigid, and I ran it lightly over her lips, teasing her with my hot knob.

"Go on — ram it in," she begged. "I need you to fuck me hard!"

The way she spoke was so horny it would normally have made me come there and then, but having come once already I was firmly in control. I slid my cock deep into her and began to ride, propping her legs over my shoulders as I pumped.

Sharon was so worked up she came almost at once, digging her fingers into my arse to try and get my whole length inside her. And she came three times more before I finally pulled out and shot my load over her tits and belly. She was insatiable!

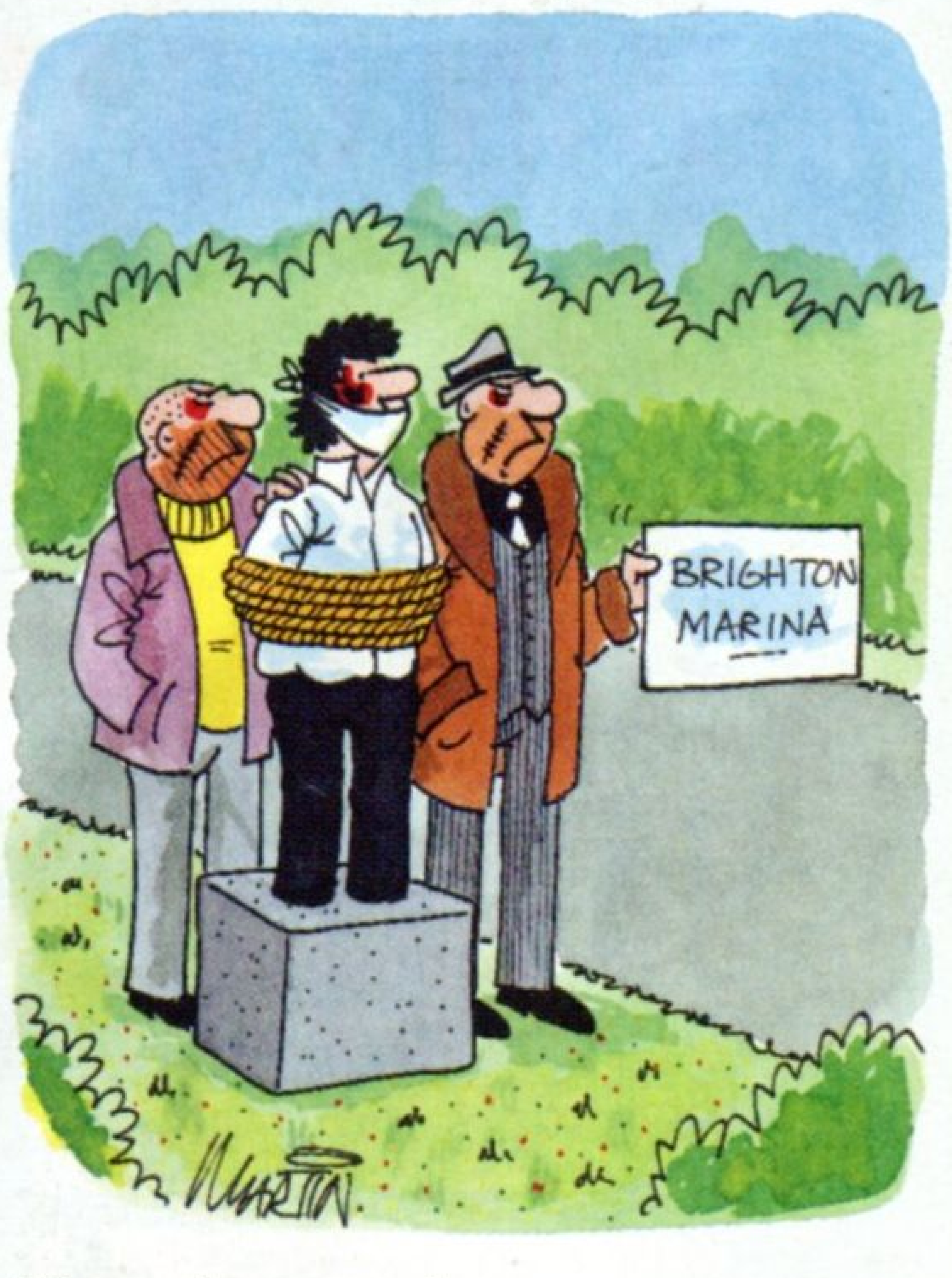
I ended up spending not only the night, but the rest of the week at her house, fucking her and licking her pussy until she'd come so many times that she was exhausted. The only trouble is, how do I tell my sister that her best friend is now mine too?! — *Martin, London*

Shopping For Sex!

My name is James, I'm 23 years old and I've been married to Sally for six months. Recently we decided to go on a camping holiday to the Lake District, so I went to our local outdoor specialists to buy some equipment for the trip. I was quite excited, because I usually have to walk past the shop to get to work, and the sexy blonde woman who works in there had often given me a suggestive wink when I looked in.

When I walked into the shop the woman gave me a sexy smile. I smiled back and noticed she was holding a can of carpet cleaner. Suddenly she squatted on her heels and started to clean an invisible mark on the floor. From where I stood I could see right between her slender legs and it certainly brought a smile to my face! This gorgeous woman had no panties on and she didn't mind me knowing about it. The sight got me very horny, even though I had just left Sally in our bed.

"I can't seem to get this stain out," she said, looking up at me and smiling. "I can't see anything," I replied, grinning back. "You won't up there," she said, pulling me down so I too was squatting on my heels. As she pulled me down she parted her legs even wider and I could see all of her shaven snatch and plump pussy lips.



My cock rose and was straining to be released from my boxers.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked. I didn't trust my voice, so I just nodded avidly. "Well, go and lock the door then," she ordered, "and turn the sign so it says closed." I went and did what she said and as I returned to her she lead me by the hand towards the air beds.

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sport

BALL CONTROL

Testicular manipulation is an essential facet of European soccer, writes **Maurice Short**. Which is bollocks, ack-sher-ly.

We are often told that Continental soccer players have marvellous ball control, and there has recently been ample evidence to support this claim from the stars of Real Madrid. Last season Mexican ace Hugo Sanchez was suspended by the Spanish FA for "Clutching his genitals in a provocative fashion". Sanchez, who bears more than a passing resemblance to Diana Ross, claimed that he was simply adjusting his manhood, though he was unable to explain why this took so long, or why he chose to do so while facing opposition fans. (Sanchez, incidentally, is probably the only fully qualified Latin American dentist ever to win the European 'Golden Boot'.)

No sooner had the new soccer season got underway than Sanchez's team mate, Spanish midfielder Michel, was hauled before the disciplinary committee for provocatively clutching the genitals of an opponent, or, to put it in the quaint language of the Spanish FA, "Slyly crushing his most secret intimacy." Michel's defence, that it was done as a joke, points to a zany sense of humour, but was as likely to convince the Spanish authorities as Ron Noades is to get a part in the next Spike Lee movie. He was fined 50,000 pesetas.

Hugo Sanchez: provocative genital clutch conundrum

● Hypocritical Tosspot of the Month Award goes to Kraut forward Jurgen 'The Writhing Hippy' Klinsmann of Inter Milan. Following recent hooligan problems in Italy, the man who has taken more dives than Duncan Goodhew told reporters: "Players should take care not to inflame fans by exaggerating incidents on the field of play"! Oh, yeah?

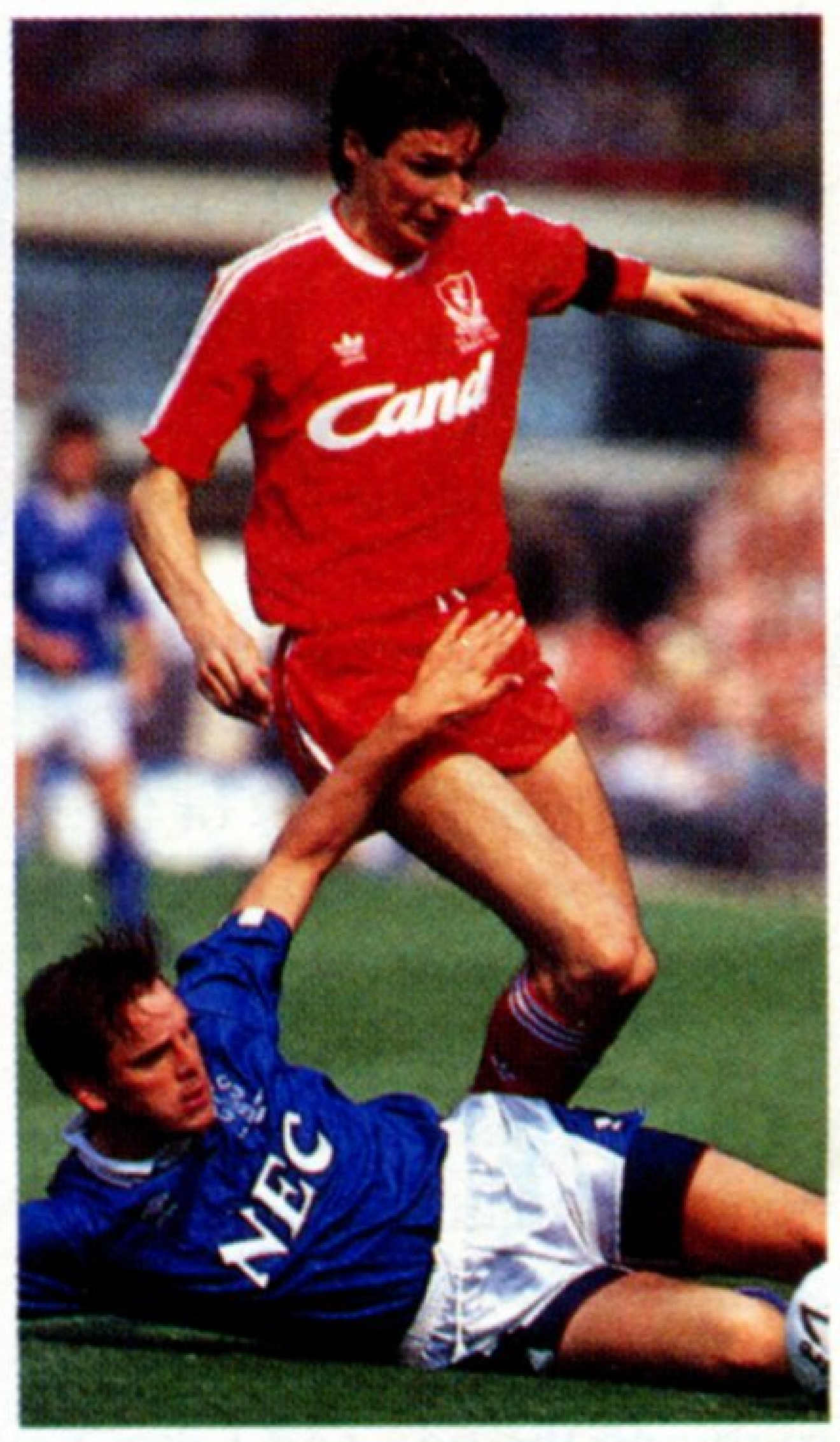
● In some sports, though, people really *do* get hurt. Recently I was standing on the edge of a field watching a mass punch-up, when suddenly a game of rugby broke out. This reminded me that Rugby Union has not yet been probed by my little column. And with good reason, I might add. For if racing is the sport of Kings, then Rugby Union is the sport of accountants and solicitors. Which is enough to put anyone off.

Raisin Splitz plastic figures: a major contribution to modern sporting excellence

However, the belief that rugby is simply snobbery with violence has not forced me off the trail of two of sport's greatest mysteries: Why are the All Blacks so called when their shirts have white collars? And what is the strange connection between rugby-playing prowess and sheep?

Because it has to be said that the world's great rugby playing regions — New Zealand, Australia, the Scottish Borders, South Wales, Gloucestershire — have only one thing in common: bleaters. At first the only link that could be established was that a flock of sheep on the move closely resemble a pack of forwards in a scrum — except of course that they are cleaner and better looking. Now, however, revelations about the terrible effects of sheep dip on the human brain have led me to a new conclusion: Rugby Union is popular in areas with a high density of sheep because only someone who is mentally impaired would want to play it. This also explains the mystery of the black and white All Blacks. They are actually called the All Monochromes, but the word's too long for any of them to remember.

● A few months ago I mentioned that a number of top soccer players bore strong resemblances to puppets. My thoughts evidently struck a chord on Merseyside, because several Liverpool



Alan Hansen: Cindy doll boyfriend Paul similarity

WIN LOADS OF TACKY CRAP!

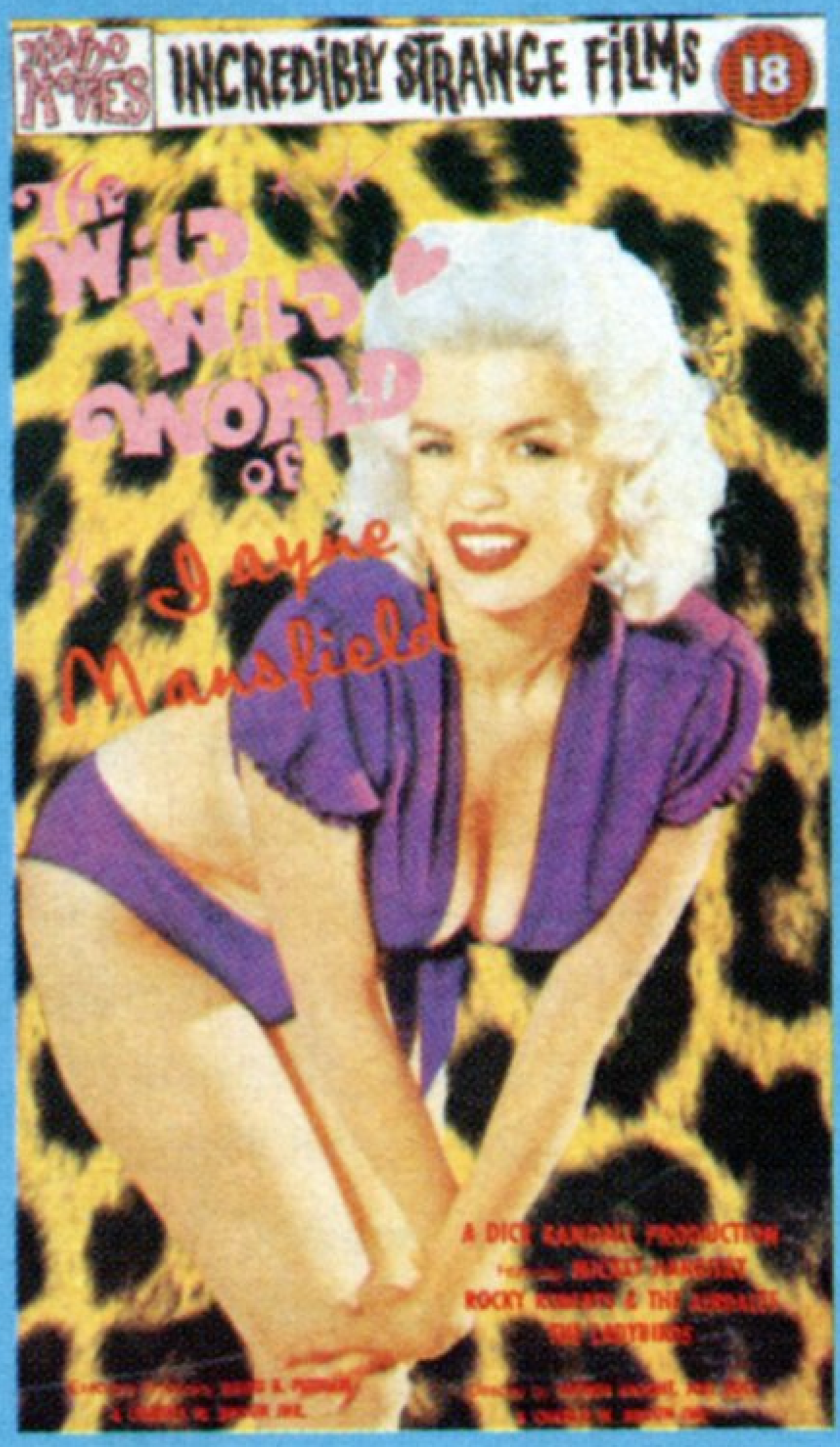
Hey, all you crazy crap cult film lovers — have we got a competition for you? Well, yes, actually. Those soft, strong and very very long people at Mondo Movies have landed us with five totally shite tapes to give away. And, just so we don't have to look at too many of your feeble entries, we're going to give them all to one unlucky reader!

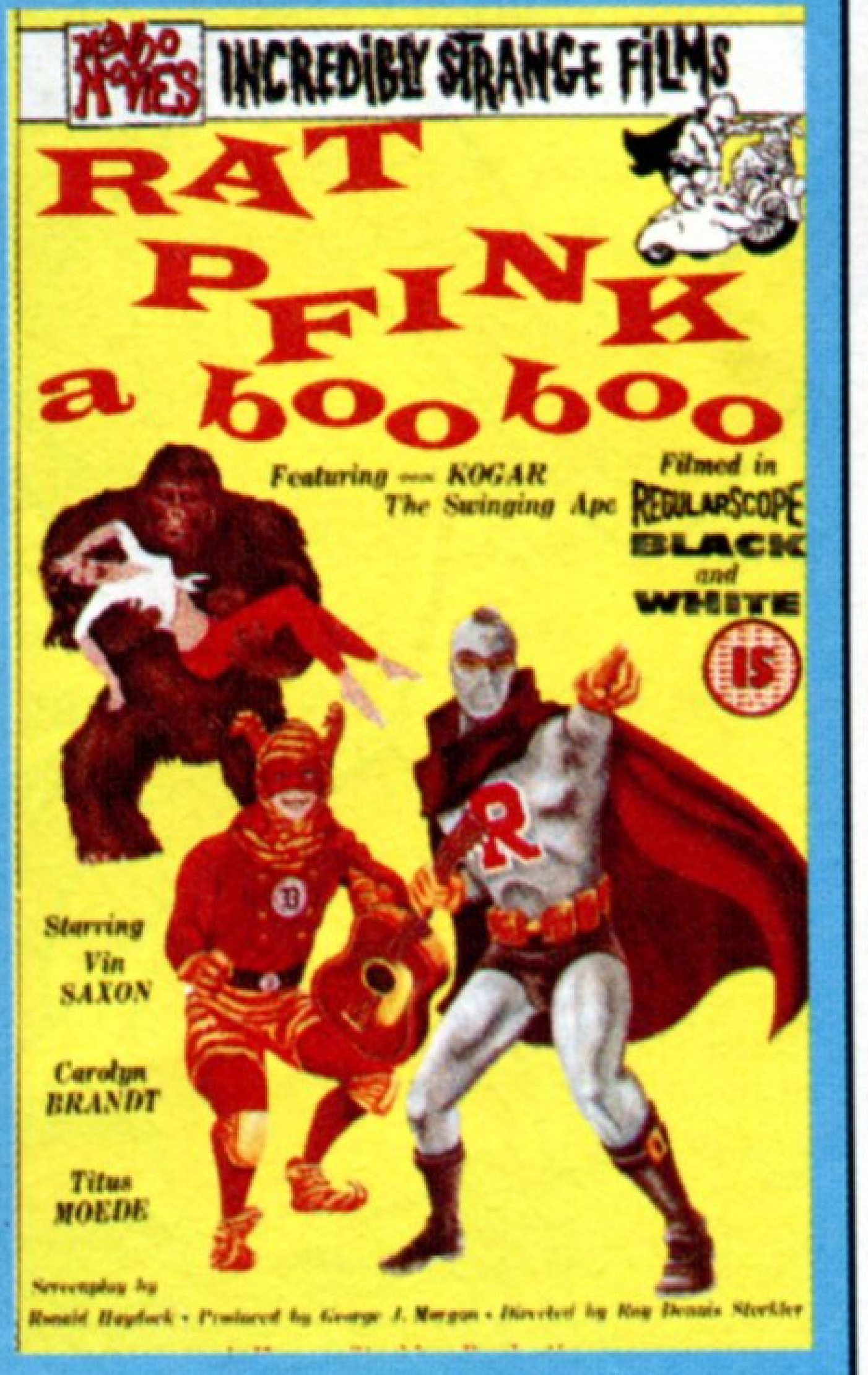
Each of these 60s classics is a masterpiece of crap direction, scripting, acting and editing, but at least the titles are pretty good: *The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living And Became Mixed-Up Zombies*, *Rat Pfink A Boo Boo*, *She-Devils On Wheels*, *Sleaze Mania UK* and *The Wild Wild World of Jayne Mansfield*.

To win this throbbing collection of utter bollocks, simply scrawl the answer to our easy-peasy question on the back of a scenic and interesting postcard, slap a stamp on it and send it to Give Me Loads Of Crap Competition, Club, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. The first correct entry out of the Editor's y-fronts scoops the lot.

And the question is... was Jayne Mansfield known best for a) her anti-gravity breasts, b) her talented acting ability, or c) her kindness to children, animals and old-age pensioners? ♣

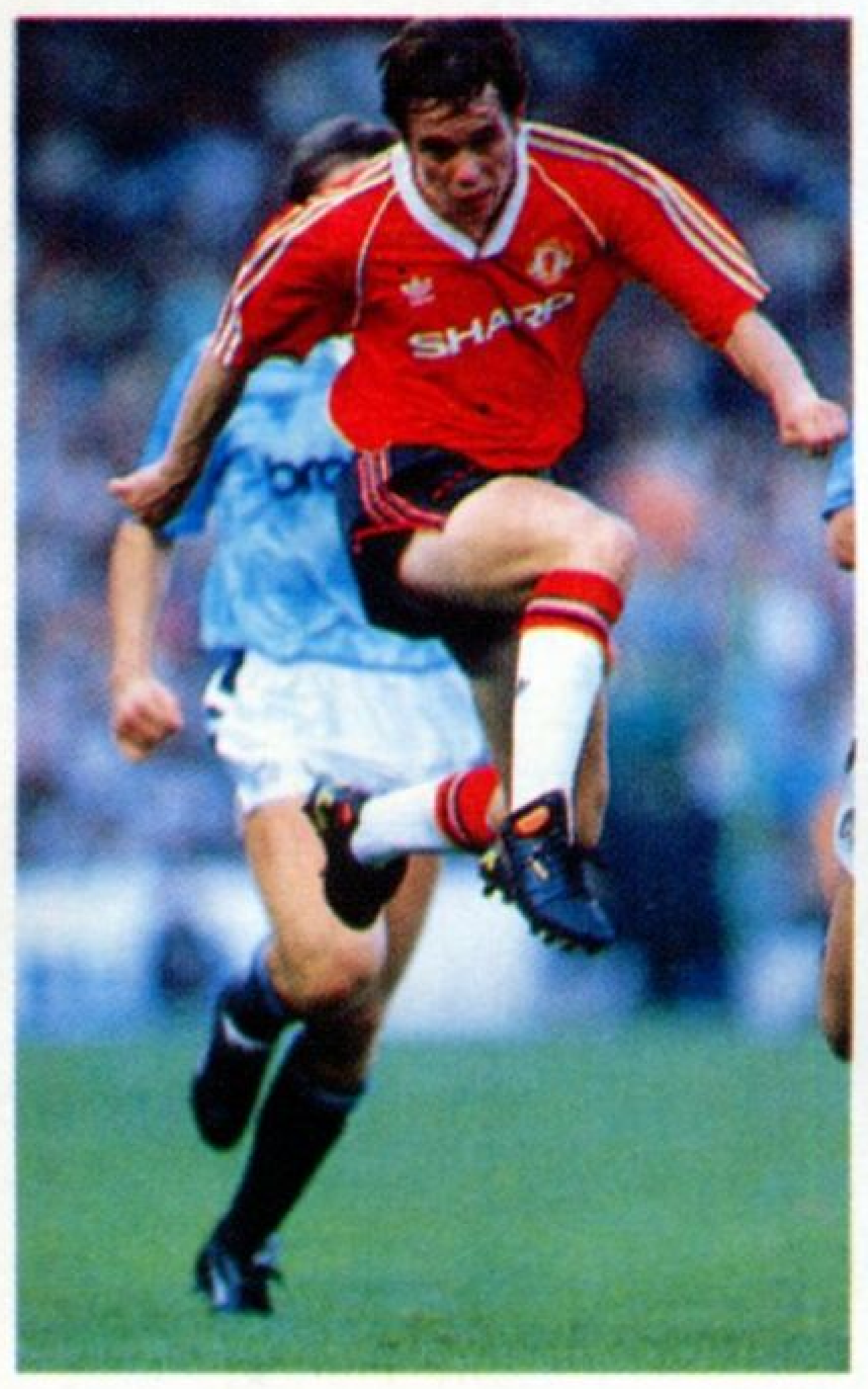
MONDO MOVIES
INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILMS
18
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS
SHE-DEVILS ON WHEELS
See! The Authentic Initiation Ritual Never Before Dared On Film
See! Female Hellcats Ruling Their Men With Tire-Irons As Their Instruments of Passion
In Blinding Color!





fans wrote to comment on the fact that Manchester United's Russell Beardsmore looks like ET. I'm sure this has nothing to do with sour grapes over the two clubs' respective League positions.

The most interesting letter, though, came from Julie in Dumfries who notes that Alan Hansen is a dead ringer for Cindy the doll's plastic boyfriend, Paul. Although, as Julie says in her missive, "Hansen was a lot taller than Paul and considerably slower on the turn". Not that a hardened old hack like me would know anything about Cindy's dolls, you understand. Though I wouldn't mind knowing why Paul and Cindy's wedding was cancelled at the last minute. I mean, I'd bought the dress and everything.



Russell Beardsmore: ET lookalike lift-off shock

- Still on the subject of models, many readers have written asking me to praise the great contribution to sport currently being made by Kellogg's Raisin Splitz, the tasty breakfast cereal with the raisin in the middle. Cereal lovers are invited to send in tokens from Raisin Splitz packs in exchange for great fun models of Britain's sporting heroes, to wit: Paul Gascoigne, Graham Gooch, Nigel Mansell and Fatima Whitbread.

I am of course delighted to give the Maurice Short seal of approval to these chummy hand-painted figures in flexible plastic. As you can see, they bear a striking resemblance to their subjects — right down to Mansell's constipated snarl.

- And finally, a word about John McEnroe. The word is: wanker! ♣

marisa

Photographs by Harry Linden

It's a welcome return to the pages of Club for magical Marisa. She was the beautiful girl who wrapped up 1991 for us by appearing in the December issue.

"I was really thrilled to be asked to appear in Club again," confesses 21-year-old Marisa. "It's good to know that you all enjoyed looking at my body; and it's so flattering to know that I've turned on so many people!

"Of course, taking my

clothes off for Club made me feel pretty randy too! All of a sudden I got this irresistible urge to stick my bum right out and wiggle it around!

"Actually, I've got a naughty confession to make," purrs Marisa. "When I first saw the pictures I got a real tingling in my crotch. When that happens I usually have to sneak off somewhere quiet — somewhere where I know I won't be disturbed. I reckon you lads all know what I'll be doing there — and I hope you'll all be doing the same thing!"

You can bet on that, Marisa! ♣

adultmagz.top

a quick one with...

erika eleniak

Tom "friend of the stars" **Funnel** shares a swift cup of char with the gorgeous, pouting *Baywatch* actress.

Club: Do you have a thing about short men?

Erika: Oh, you mean Billy! (Her boyfriend and petite Baywatch co-star Billy Warlock.) I don't think of him that way. He's just Billy. He's the most wonderful man, he's my best friend — and being short doesn't mean he's small all over, if you know what I mean!

Club: What's the secret of having an on-screen affair?

Erika: Well, when you hear about on-screen affairs it's always because of a sexual act that's called for in the script. But it wasn't that way with Billy. We were good friends long before we jumped each other's bones.

Club: What was your first job?

Erika: I suppose my first proper job was in *ET* when I was 12. I played Elliot's girlfriend. When I got to the audition Steven Spielberg was sitting there and I didn't have a clue who he was... he just said, do you really want this job?

Club: What's the worst thing about England?

Erika: The paparazzi. They just wouldn't leave me alone!

Club: What are the advantages of not wearing many clothes to work?

Erika: We film *Baywatch* in the winter so it's a bit of a disadvantage to just hang around in a bathing suit all day. Sometimes I have to get up at five o'clock in the morning to get down to the beach. Then I spend all day in near-freezing temperatures pretending it's warm. Bits of you start to get cold and show up where they're not supposed to!

Club: What are the most common comments you get from the opposite sex?

Erika: Oh, the usual stuff. Things about my body.

Club: What's your biggest regret?

Erika: I grew up in a tough neighbourhood and started to hang around with the wrong sort of people. I got involved with a bad crowd.

Club: What was your wildest night out?

Erika: It was in England, actually. I went to a nightclub in London and when we came out we were pretty much the worse for wear.

Club: What was your biggest pay packet?

Erika: I got offered $25,000 for posing for *Playboy*. Not bad for a day's work.

Club: Any regrets about posing nude?

Erika: No. In a way it helped boost my career. As soon as the pictures were published and *Baywatch* started I began to get loads of offers. I just hope it was my abilities as well as my body they were interested in — though in a way, both are compliments, I suppose! ♣

WHAT'S THE WORD?

Ten words the English language badly needs (actually it's an utterly pointless list made up by someone in the office who didn't have anything else to do — The Ed.)

1. Mungle: to get so much crap piled up on your desk that bits of it start to slide off into the bin of their own accord.

2. Snurf: the action of wiping your mouth on the sheets after you've given her a particularly liquid licking.

3. Briglow: the sinking feeling you get in your stomach when you realise that the person you've been slagging off was standing behind you all the time.

4. Sloofious: adjective describing the silky curve of a truly pert bottom encased in tight lycra leggings.

5. Blargee: the guy in the pub who always claims to have shagged more girls, driven more cars and earned more money than everyone else put together, despite the fact that he's a spotty little Herbert from Cleethorpes.

6. Squimp: the tiny little ladylike farts girls let out when they think you won't notice, which are killers when you lift the sheets.

7. Plinkle: the little white plastic triangle that's left after you've opened an individual milk container for your tea in a motorway service station.

8. Gobblums: the insane desire that occurs at 9am to eat the cold remains of the Chinese curry you ordered while drunk the night before.

9. Grrraaaah: the involuntary noise made when you take the first pull on a pint after finishing a fucking terrible day at work.

10. Modjie-podjums (or similar): the deeply embarrassing pet name brain-dead girls come up with after you've been going out with them for 48 hours, and then use in the pub in front of all your mates. ♣

IN THE BAG

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I couldn't believe this was happening. She stripped my clothes off and said, "I want you to lick my cunt. Drink me dry and then let me suck your cock."

With that I laid her back on the air bed, parted her legs and lapped up the most delicious pussy juice I've ever tasted. And as far as I'm concerned, I've never met a woman who could suck cock like she could!

I felt exhausted as I returned home to Sally, who asked why I hadn't bought any camping equipment. With all that happened I had completely forgotten. I guess I'll just have to go back there again tomorrow! — *James, Halifax*

"Open up! It's the Vice Squad!"

Lezzie Lust

I know that you receive a lot of letters from lesbians, and to tell you the truth I always thought they were made up until something happened to me last month.

I'm a 21-year-old girl who recently started a new job in a clothes shop. The only other person who works there is the manageress, Bella. She's a really stunning looking woman of about 45. She dresses immaculately in expensive designer clothes and I was rather in awe of her.

We had to go into the store one Sunday to help with the new stock that had just come in. As we were unpacking the boxes I found a dress that I thought would really suit me. "Why don't you try it on?" suggested Bella, so I went to the changing rooms and put it on. The straps on it meant that I had to take my bra off and I was having trouble doing the zip on the back up. "Bella," I shouted, "would you mind giving me a hand?"

She opened the dressing room door and slowly did the zip up. Her fingers brushed against my back and sent shots of electricity through me. Suddenly I felt very horny indeed.

"You really look fantastic," smiled Bella, as she brushed my hair over my shoulder. I stared into her eyes and noticed for the first time that they were a lovely blue colour. She stared right back at me, her face just inches from mine.

For some reason that I can't explain I moved my face closer and my lips brushed against hers. I jerked my head back, embarrassed, but Bella pulled my face close again and started to kiss me fully and passionately.

It was the first time I'd kissed another woman like this, and I was really enjoying it. Her lips were softer than the men I'd kissed and her pink tongue tasted deliciously sweet. Then I felt her hand slide the straps over my shoulders and the dress fell to the floor. Her hands started fondling my breasts and I shivered slightly as I felt my nipples grow erect. Bella pulled away. "Do you mind me doing this to you?" she asked.

Of course I didn't. This

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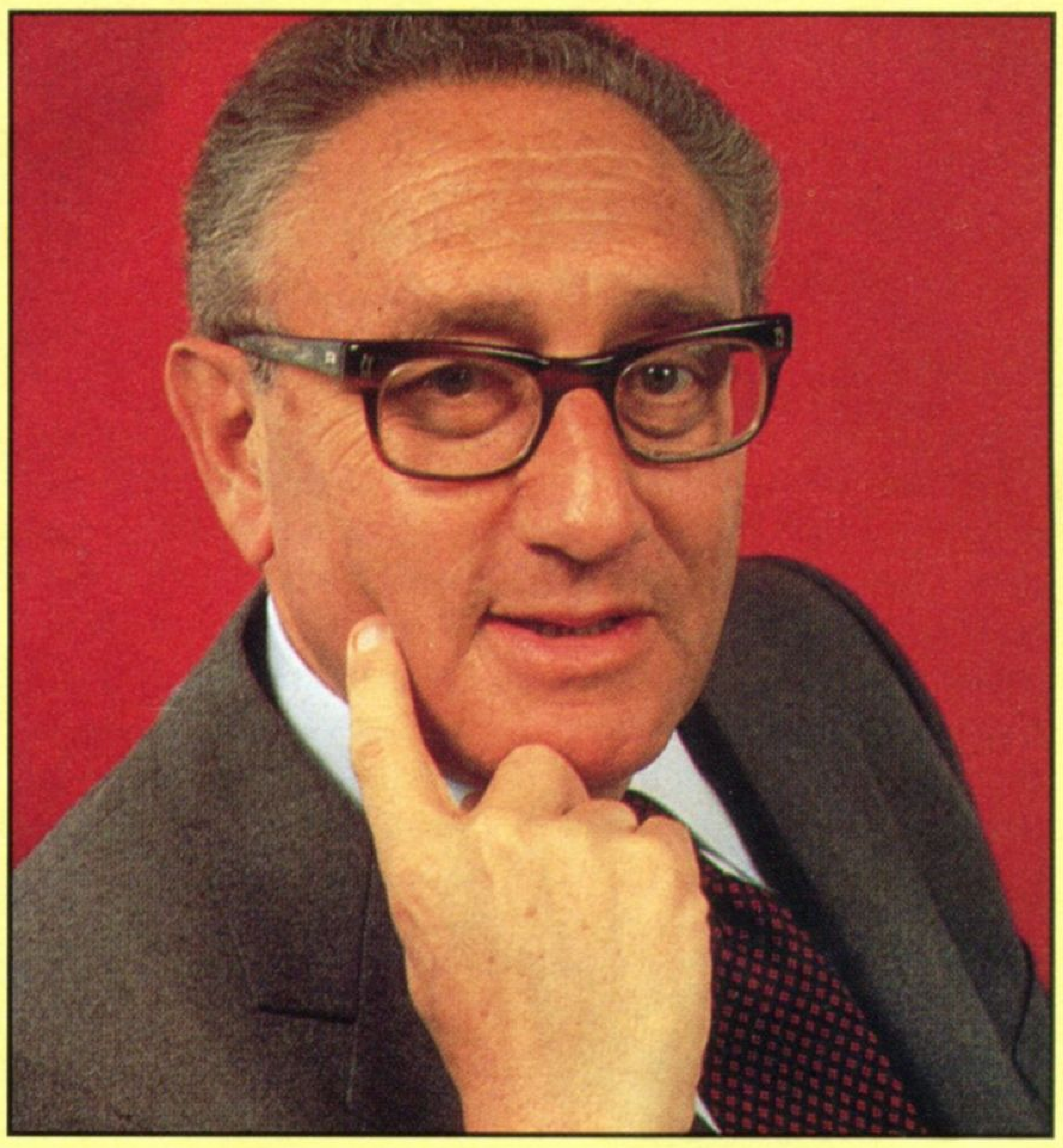

GARDENING WITH HENRY KISSINGER

Horticultural hints from the former US Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

As a leading World Statesman I am often asked, "Is there a labour-saving method of turning over the soil preparatory to planting?" The answer is, of course, in the affirmative. A lot of hard spade work can be done away with by the simple expedient of phoning up the USAF and ordering a flight of B52s to come and blanket bomb your garden. Hey presto! In literally seconds your soil will be thoroughly aerated!

The only drawback with this technique is that neighbours may complain of noise and collateral damage (sudden homelessness, death and so on). The best way to counteract this whining is to adopt the approach I used so successfully during the US bombing of Cambodia: deny all knowledge and dismiss the evidence as a Communist plot.

Ever since I won the Nobel Peace Prize I have been approached by people who want advice on weedkillers. Whilst there are many excellent commercial products available, to my mind there are none quite as effective as Napalm or Agent Orange. These are a sure-fire way of removing unsightly foliage, along with any unwanted nests of Communist insurgents who may be lurking in the undergrowth.

To apply your Napalm or Agent Orange simply load into a large container with a small high-explosive charge and drop from a helicopter on the offending area. It never fails! ♣

RAUNCHY REPTILES

We present our traditional, but gratuitous, bonking animal picture.

The nights may blow cold and rainy, but rest assured that spring is certainly in the air. Horny iguanas Monty and Maud know this, which is why they're so busy shagging their brains out.

"Why are you always putting in stupid pictures like this?" comments Monty. "Nobody's interested, you know. Can't you just fuck off and leave us alone?"

"He's right, you know," adds Maud. "Everyone knows we're on the Galapagos Islands, so all that stuff about spring doesn't really work, does it? You're only running this because the Editor gets some perverted thrill out of seeing animals having sex. If you ask me, the whole thing's pretty tacky."

More spring bonking animal pictures next year! ♣

IN THE BAG

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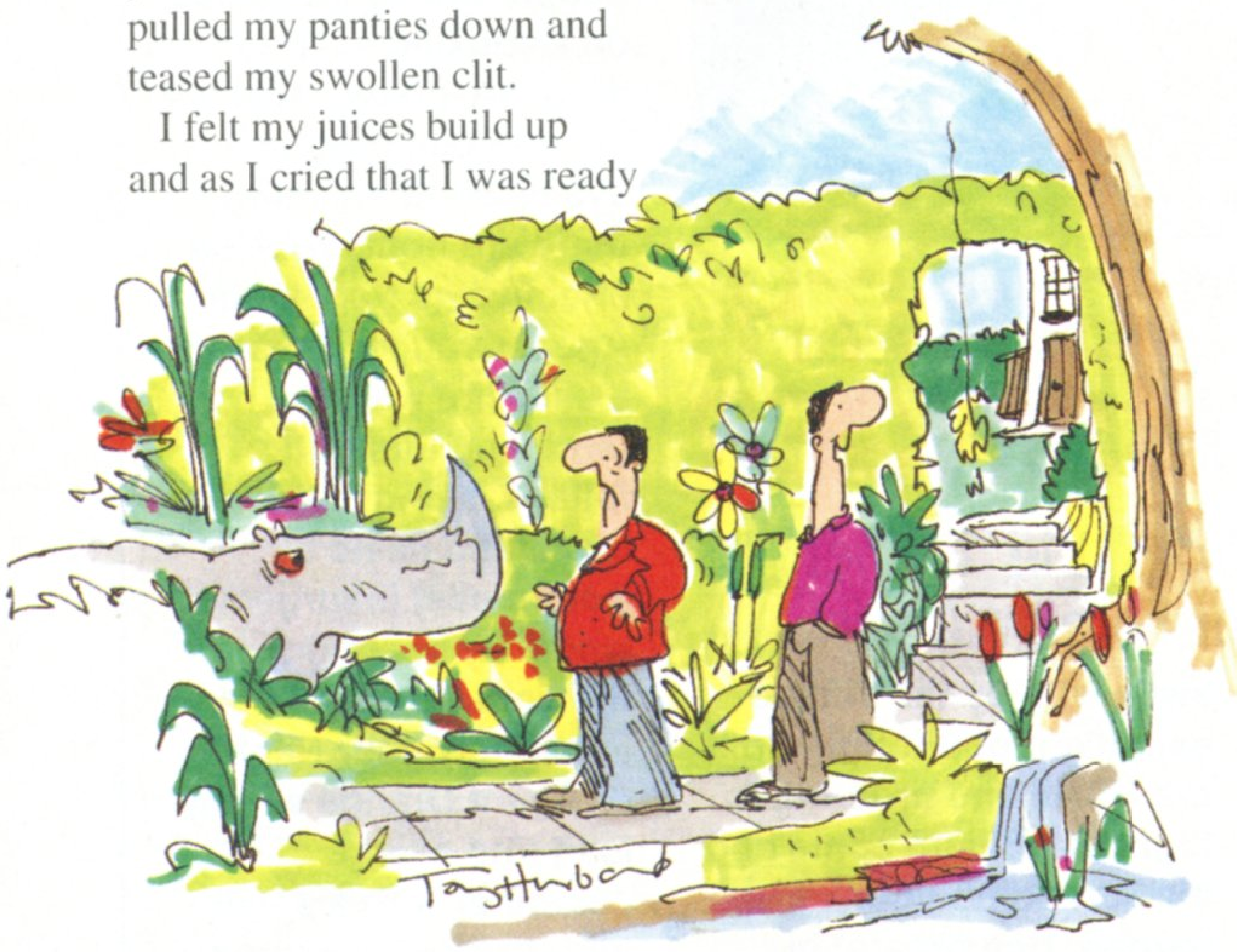
was totally new to me, but I was enjoying it immensely. I pulled her close to me again and her head bent down as she started chewing on my little buds playfully. I leaned against the wall and put my hand in my panties, rubbing my clitty with the palm of my hand. "Let me do that for you," Bella said, as she pulled my panties down and teased my swollen clit.

I felt my juices build up and as I cried that I was ready to come she placed her tongue to my cunt so my juices dripped onto it as the orgasm hit me.

I dressed and we finished unpacking; then Bella drove me back to her house and taught me all about how to please another woman. Now I've moved into her house and we are having the most fantastic affair I've ever had. God knows how I went for so long only having sex with men. As far as I'm concerned, women are number one — though I suppose having a man around might add that kinky touch!
— Sally, Edinburgh



"As you can see, I like the garden to contain a little of the unexpected."

Best Guest

My job as a sales rep means that I have to spend two nights a week away from home and although it can be boring it does have some compensations!

After years of staying at big hotels I recently began using small family guest houses. It was at one such place that I met Amanda Jane.

I was in the dining room when a tall, slim, red-haired girl stood over me and asked if she could sit in the spare seat next to me. Of course I agreed and we were soon chatting away like old friends. After a while she asked if I'd be interested in going out to a disco the next night. I'd never been asked out by a girl before, especially one as attractive as her, so naturally I said yes.

I picked Amanda Jane up from her room the following night and when she opened the door I almost fell over

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video

DEAD GOOD

How bad does a movie have to get before **Allan Bryce** likes it? Read on and find out...

Some films are so awful that if you saw them on a plane flight you might be tempted to walk out. On the other hand, if you're in the right mood then *really* bad movies can be a lot more fun than the crap that the Hollywood mainstream is churning out nowadays.

To check out your tolerance for such pap, try and get hold of a copy of a new video release called **Orgy of the Dead**, a totally barmy vintage exploitation flick (circa 1963) that questions all the rules of sensible film making.

It kicks off with an intro by 'Criswell', a noted psychic of the time who once predicted that the US would fight WW3 by 1975 and that all women in Missouri would turn bald in 1983. After his unforeseen death in 1982 his manager boasted: "It has been proven that Criswell's predictions were 87 per cent correct. Most of the time."

Anyway, the opening scenes of the film show the tubby Criswell rising from a mist-enshrouded grave wearing a ginger wig to deliver a nonsensical monologue: "I have come to tell a tale of the Threshold People, so astounding that some of you may faint!"

Then we join a 'young' (in his 40s) writer and his girlfriend as they drive along a remote desert road at night. He's a horror writer in search of new ideas. She's not so keen. Cue some more incredible dialogue:

He: "Your puritan upbringing holds you back from my monsters but it certainly doesn't hurt your art of kissing."

She: (laughs) "That's life. My kisses are alive!"

He: "But who is to say my monsters aren't alive?"

Who indeed? After one of

CR–ICKE–EY!

Club's huge team of investigative journalists has now spent months on the trail of Britain's least wanted man — none other than son of God and ex-Coventry goalkeeper David Icke. The trail took them from London to Ulan Bator, from Karachi to Lima, from Ice Station Zebra to MacDonald's in Bracknell.

Now, though, they have unearthed the man they call 'off his crunch', living in a funny sort of half-built house on the North Downs near Dorking. He has grown an extraordinary quantity of hair and spends most of his time hanging upside down like a bat — but, as you can see, he is still an ardent Club fan. For this reason, Icke gave us the following interview:

Club: Are there any drawbacks to being the son of God?

Icke: Well, people do tend to expect a lot of you, which can be a strain. That's why I came to live up here, away from the hustle and bustle of the 20th century. I still get my Clubs delivered though, of course.

Club: This is an extraordinary building. What do you call it?

Icke: I have christened this "The half-built house golfball thing". It helps to concentrate my mystic powers.

Club: Are you really off your crunch?

Icke: Pretty much. I sometimes wish I was back in goal for Coventry.

Next month: Club finds Lord Lucan shacked up with a yak — exclusive pictures. ♣

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND
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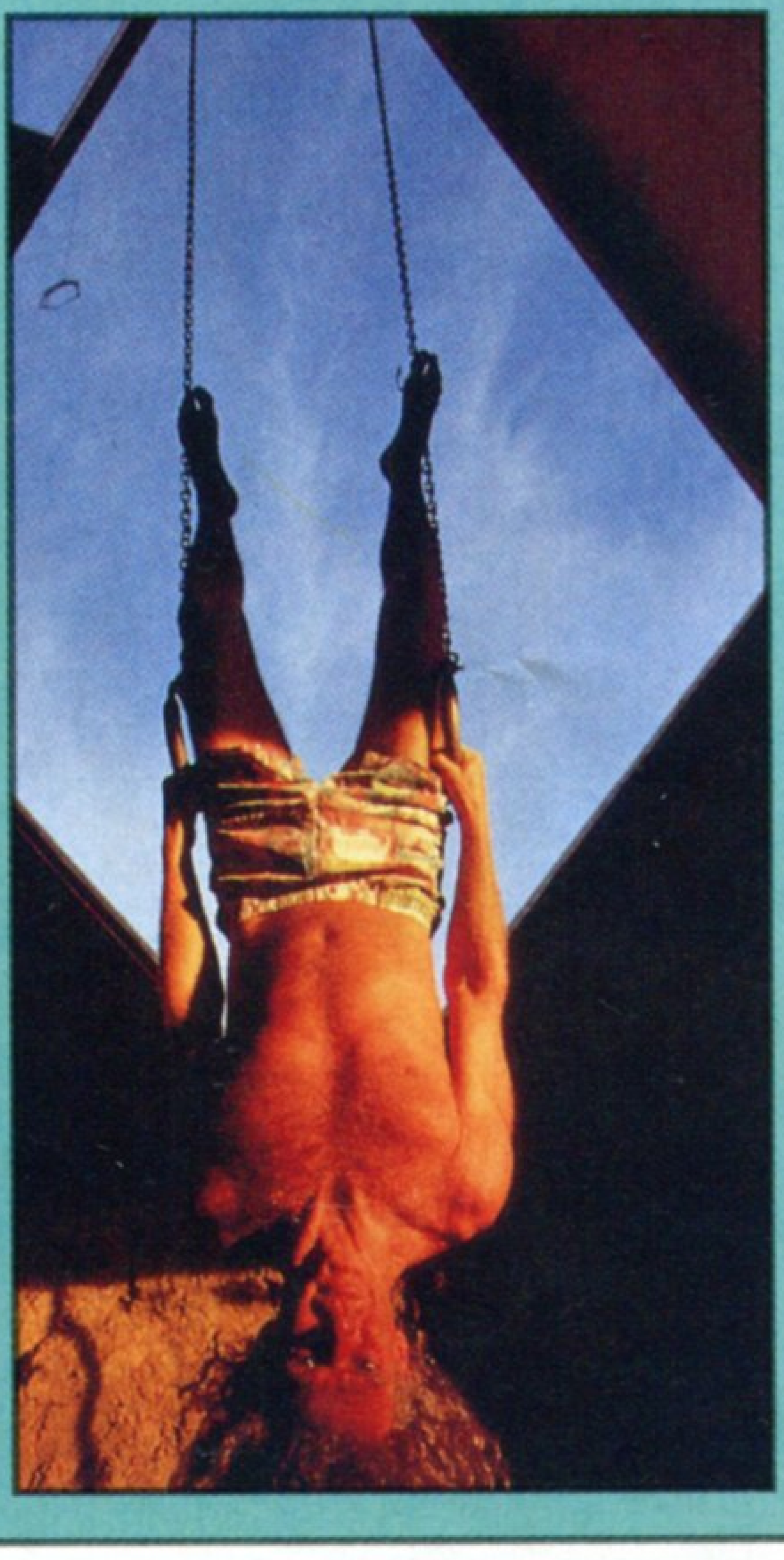
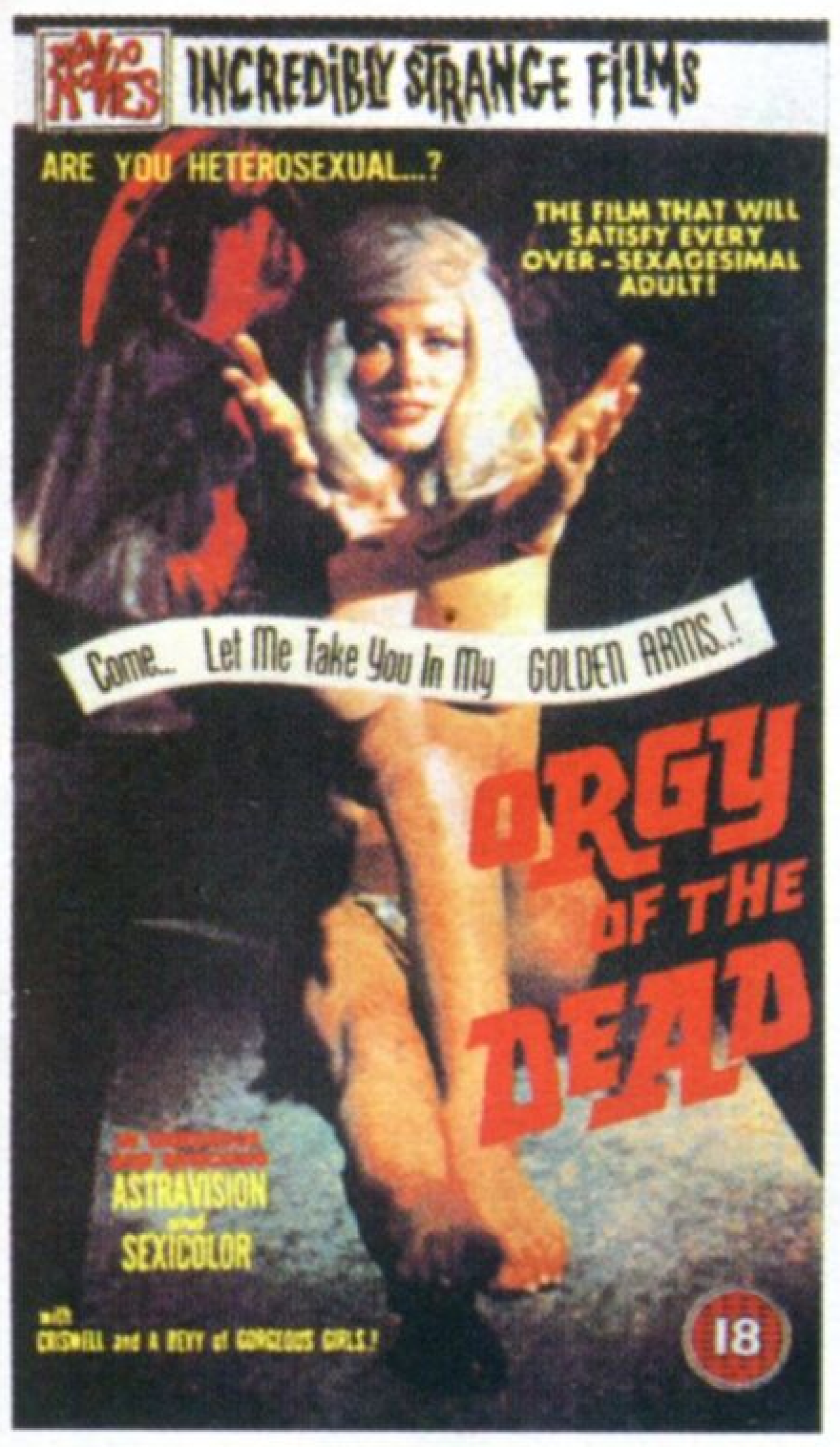
club
VRROOOM! VRROOOM!
TWELVE GIRLS WHO LOVE THROBBING CHOPPERS
FREE 1992 CALENDAR INSIDE
A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF CLASSIC GIRLS
VOLUME 25 NUMBER 13
RAYMOND REVUEBAR
THE SEXIEST SHOW IN TOWN



the most poorly staged vehicle accidents ever committed to celluloid, our hero and heroine wake up tied to posts in a cemetery. There they (and we) must suffer more dodgy dialogue from our old mate Criswell, who has been joined by 'the Princess of Darkness' (stripper Fawn Silver) and two guys in werewolf and mummy costumes.

From there on in the film unfolds as a series of endless striptease acts with various deceased females being forced to re-enact their sins topless to a soundtrack that must surely be available on the *Music For Pleasure* label.


INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILMS
ARE YOU HETEROSEXUAL...?
THE FILM THAT WILL SATISFY EVERY OVER-SEXAGESIMAL ADULT!
Come... Let Me Take You In My GOLDEN ARMS..!
ORGY OF THE DEAD
ASTRAVISION and SEXICOLOR
18
with CRISWELL and a BEVY of GORGEOUS GIRLS!

Orgy of the Dead: 'mind-rotting script'

The mind-rotting script is typical of the work of Edward D. Wood, Jr, a fella who had already assured his place in the Golden Turkey hall of fame by writing, producing and directing *Plan Nine From Outer Space*, a film where hurtled hub-caps stood in for flying saucers. You might be interested to know that before he got into movies this Hollyweird veteran was a WW2 marine. He was also a transvestite, and boasted that when he was storming the beach at Iwo Jima, none of his fellow marines realised he was wearing a black bra and silk panties under his combat fatigues.

Shot in Astravision and Sexicolor, *Orgy of the Dead* is a forgotten Wood masterpiece — just don't watch too much of it at one go, or you'll probably start climbing the walls. Put this one on when your mates come round and they will never look at you in the same light again. In fact you won't have any mates left... ♣

Photographs by Michael Moore

ANTONIA

Antonia is a newcomer to all of us here at Club — and she's new to the world of nude modelling too. This was her first time before the camera, and the 19-year-old from St Albans revelled in it.

"I've always loved being the centre of attention," confesses Antonia, wiggling her bum at the camera. "Back home I'm the sort of girl who'll get dressed up, go out to a club, then start dancing

topless on top of the tables!

"Why should I be embarrassed? I reckon that I've got a good body and I love showing it off — I haven't had any complaints yet.

"Anyway, I can't wait to see the guys' faces back home when they see what I've got at the bottom as well as the top!" ♣

Hell & high water

Photographs by Andy Hooper & Chris Barry / Words by Graham Scott

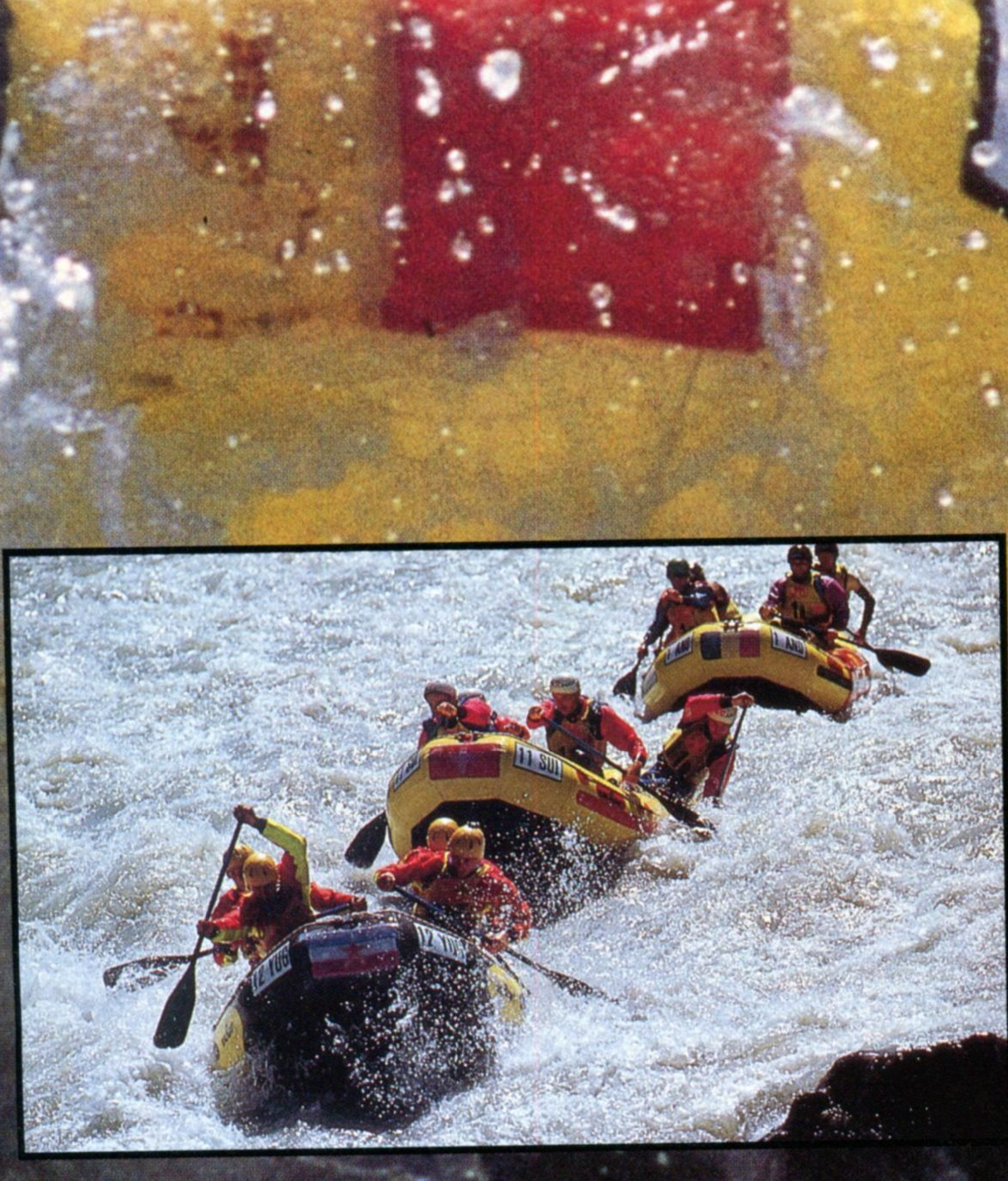
The River Oetz is normally a placid alpine stream. Once a year it becomes a raging torrent — and that's when they hold the European White Water Rafting Championships.

The course is strewn with massive boulders which jut out of the water, creating huge waves as the pressure builds up in front of them. Other rocks are just submerged so that the water accelerates over them and then comes to a back-spinning halt, a dreaded 'hole' of white water spray and terrible hydraulic pressure.

With just one foot-strap to hold me inside the bucking and leaping raft, I set off with three of the international competitors to complete the course. As we gathered speed remorselessly, Race Director Jeremy Taylor explained what I had to do. "Paddle forward, backward or stop as I say. If I yell 'up left' throw yourself left to stop us capsizing. Don't fall out. If you fall out get immediately on your back facing downstream and keep your feet up — that way the rocks hit your legs and backside first. Do not try to push off the rocks, let them hit you. If you try to push off you will catch a foot between two rocks. The pressure of the water will then break your leg and will hold you under until we find you some time later. Okay?"

We headed straight into a hole, which looked like a wall of water much higher than the raft itself. We shot through the wall, and the drenching, nerve-wracking ride began. We spun right round, straightened, careered into a cliff wall, accelerated, and shot through hole after hole. Every time I missed a stroke you could see it affect our course, every time my paddle hit air, or a rock just below the surface we lost drive and direction. We spent as much time under as on the water, driving remorselessly down a long, winding canyon, twisting between boulders, slamming through holes. By the end I was soaked in water and sweat, my lungs aching with the effort of trying to strain air out of the water that was always in my face. To be a good rafter you need huge muscles and a set of gills.

While Austria won last year's event, the Brits came a creditable second, edging out Germany. They'll be back this year, going through this white hell just for kicks. Me? I don't even take water in my whisky any more...♣



Libby

Photographs by Paolo Tallorigo

"I've been having this reccuring dream over the last few weeks," confesses 18-year-old Libby. "It's really naughty. I dream that I'm all alone on a desert island with nobody but a well-hung, young bloke to keep me company. I wake up in the morning feeling very randy.

"I imagine all the horny things that we could get up to. You know, me lying on the beach naked with him kissing my tits and every bit of my body, before making love to me right there in the sand. Mmm, it makes me feel really sexy just thinking about it!

"I've always had a very fertile imagination though," giggles

Libby. "Like right now, I can just imagine all the readers of Club getting very turned just by looking at my pictures. Mind you, they do say that your dreams mirror what you're really thinking at the time, don't they? I guess that means I must be a girl with a very dirty mind!" ♣

RISING SHUN!

Does the above headline mean our sub-editors are drunk yet again? No, it's one of **Horst Pipe**'s puns. You can't say we didn't warn you.

If the fact that Japanese cars are better than ours pisses you off, you won't be pleased to learn that we never even get a crack at the best ones. That's why you've never seen the Toyota Sera, which has rather nice gullwing doors, or the GT-4RC — a car that's like the Celica we pay £25K for, except that it's more powerful, faster, looks nicer and only costs half as much.

The same is true for Honda's Beat two seater, Nissan's Figaro and Be-1, and the first hi-tech supercar from Mitsubishi. Called the 3000GTO, it boasts 300bhp, and a fancy-footwork fourwheel-drive/fourwheel-steer set-up with 'intelligent' adaptive suspension. In fact we may get it eventually, but unlike America and Japan where it's dirt cheap, UK buyers will have to pay Porsche money. So ah-so's to you too, matey.

● Twenty years ago TVR claimed to be "British And Proud Of It", but most Brits weren't that proud of them. In those days their cars were tacky, plasticky and weird, but not any more. Their current tasty line-up of V8-powered sportscars includes the fantastic-looking 4.3 litre Griffith and the awesome 400bhp Tuscan, and TVR recently unveiled an engine designed to fight Ferrari on their home turf. Italy imposes huge bash-the-rich taxes on cars over two litres, so TVR have built a mini-V8 specifically designed to beat the tax. It's supercharged, pushes out more than 230bhp and is, we reckon, the most powerful road-going two litre in the world.

● Recession, what recession? When the going gets tough, the rich get spending, and to prove it a collector from Amsterdam has just shelled out $6million at a Las Vegas auction for a 1962 Ferrari 250GTO. The identity of the flying Dutchman is still unknown, although the name Ivor Van Lodercash has been mentioned.

● Over-blown, over-chromed and over here? In fact Chrysler of America's decision to sell some of its cars in the UK may not be the nightmare it at first appears. Rather than swamping us with flatulent Yank tank designs 20 feet long and ten years out of date, they might be sending over the extraordinary Dodge Viper.

Powered by a noticeably immodest eight litre engine, it's the most OTT ragtop to hit America since the giant-killing AC Cobra 30 years ago. The Viper's unusual engine, a V-10, may also pop up in the fabulous Chrysler Eagle 300, a four door full five-seater with fast limo styling which makes a Lamborghini look like a Lada. (And of course Chrysler, unlike Lambo, don't charge an extra £8,000 for the clock...)

● Let's hope Chrysler have more success here than Rolls Royce is currently enjoying in Italy. In a record month at the tail end of 1991, our leading prestige manufacturer sold precisely, er, no cars whatsoever. Across the whole year they sold an average of less than one car a month, which begs the following question: What do RR salesmen do all day, and can I have a go?

● Rolls Royce might do well to look east for new markets. This tortuous link brings us to this month's crap car-oriented joke, which the Editor insists I put in for some reason.

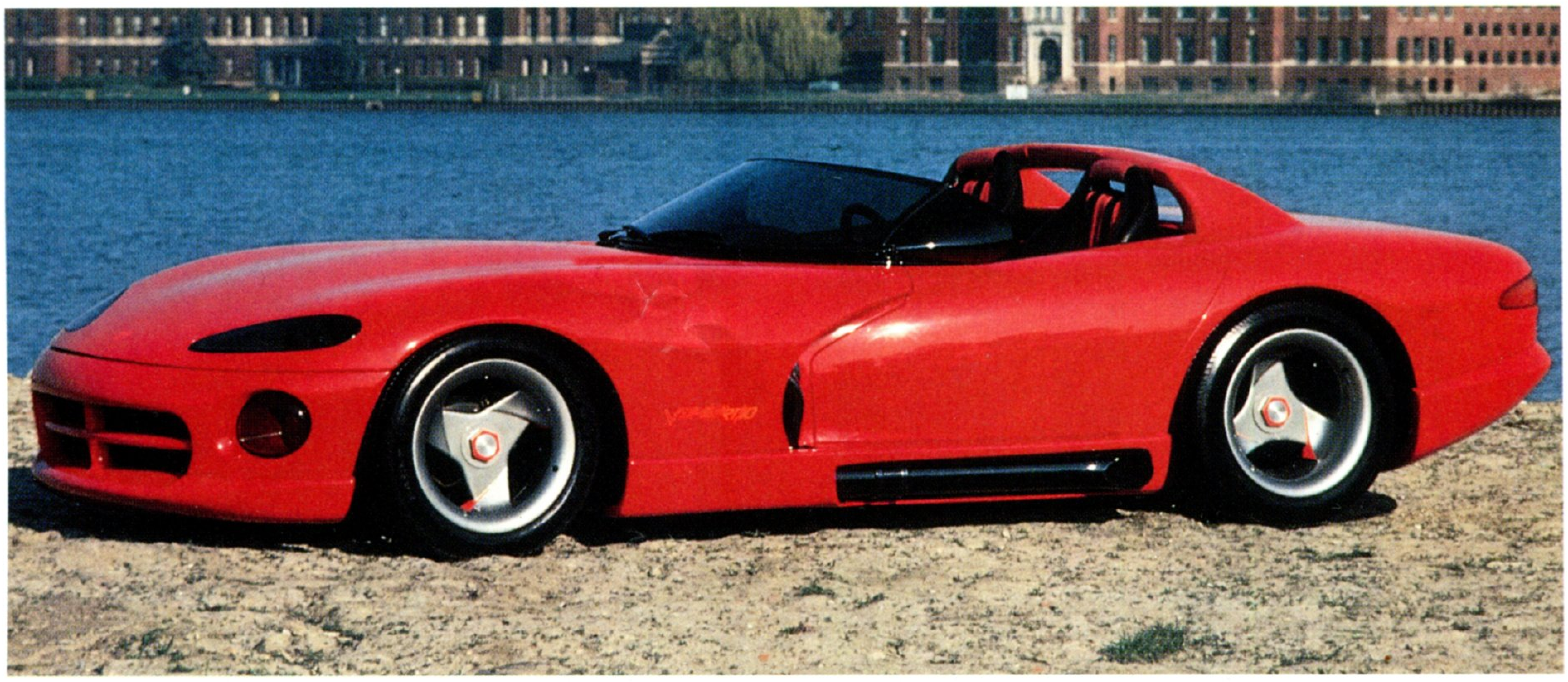
Over in Moscow, Boris orders a new Trabant. "Fine," says the salesman, "we can deliver on February 12th 2002."

"Morning or afternoon?" asks Boris.

"I'm not sure," replies the salesman. "Why?"

"Well, the plumber's coming in the morning." Thank you and goodnight. ♣

Right: the Honda Beat, not for sale in the UK (OK by me — Ed.) Below: Chrysler's lethal new Dodge Viper



IN THE BAG

continued from page 32

backwards. She was dressed to kill in a clinging white mini-dress and high heels. I felt very embarrassed as my cock bulged, but fortunately she didn't notice.

At the club she danced the night away while I enjoyed the view of her endless legs and was mystified as to whether she wore any undies. We were getting on really well, and by the time the smoochy songs began we were kissing deeply and she was rubbing against my massive hard-on.

"Let's get out of here," Amanda Jane whispered, so I took her outside to my car. "Let's drive out into the countryside," she purred. "I want to make love under the moonlight." I had trouble driving after she said that, I can tell you!

We soon found a lovely area off the beaten track which was full of trees and soft grass. I got out my big rug from the boot of the car and laid it out on the ground. Amanda Jane started stripping instantly and under her dress she wore a tiny g-string which I slowly rolled down her legs. Naked, in the moonlight, she looked even more gorgeous than before. She had firm rosy-nippled breasts, long slender legs and a neat ginger bush.

I eagerly stripped and joined her on the rug. We kissed passionately and she grasped my thick, rock-hard cock and whispered, "Oh, you're so big." Her lips slowly lowered onto my thick cock and I manoeuvred her so that we were in a 69 position.

Amanda Jane sucked my cock fiercely, one hand holding my shaft, the other gently fondling my heavy balls. Meanwhile I avidly tongued her sweet smelling snatch, licking as deep into her as I possibly could. She began to pant and gasp and I sensed her arousal reaching new heights and I began to suck on her swollen clitty. She let out a loud groan and climaxed repeatedly.

continued on page 98

ANITA

Photographs by Jack Harrison

When we asked 19-year-old Anita about her ambitions in life, the graphic designer from Windsor told us, "Well apart from being the world's sexiest model, I'd really like to be an airline pilot."

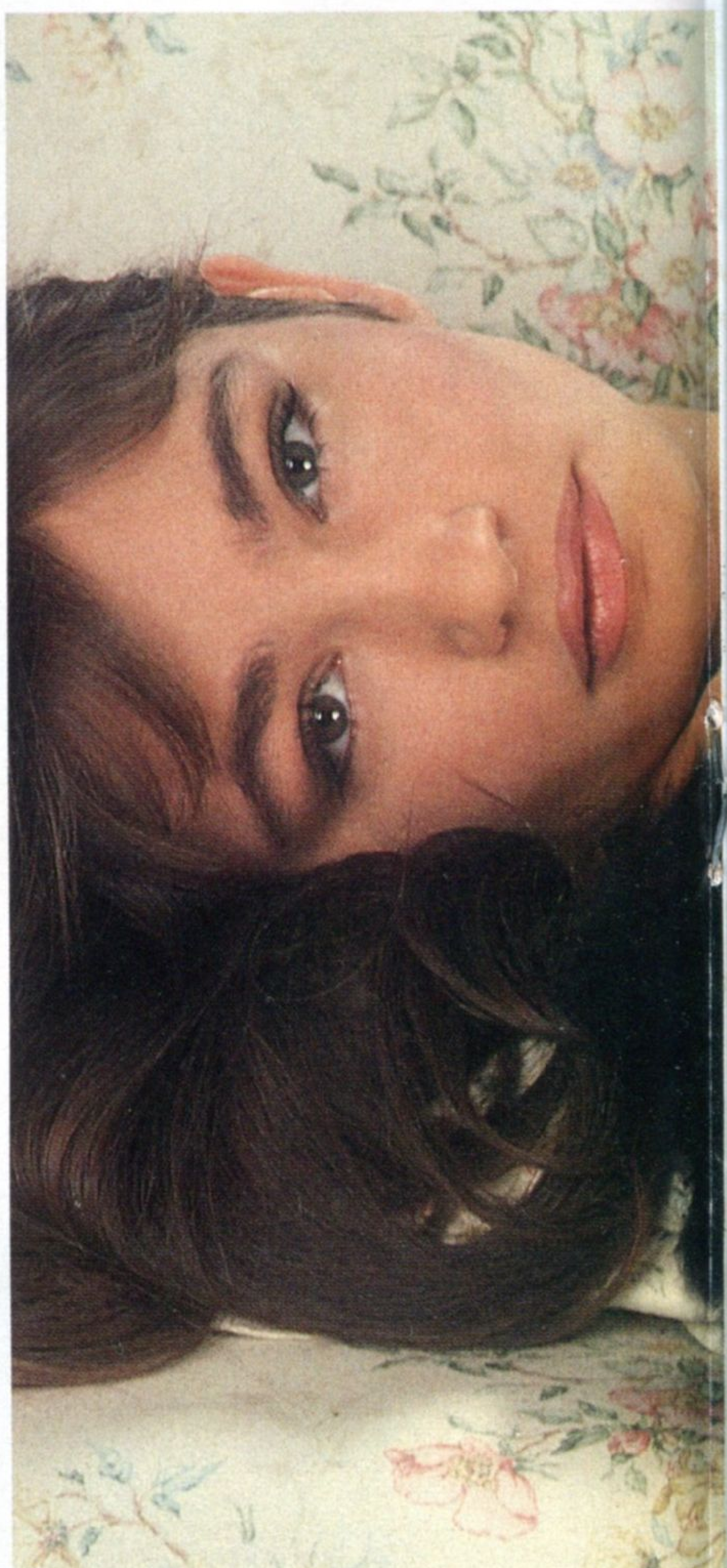
Airline pilot! Why?

"Oh, it would be fantastic," purrs Anita. "I have a thing about guys in pilot's uniforms; and spending hours on end in a

cramped cockpit with my dream man as co-pilot would be a real turn-on. The only problem is that I'd be so horny I'd probably fly the plane off-course!

"And the idea of making love at 30,000 feet sounds absolutely wonderful. Forget the in-flight movie — my hunky co-pilot and I could perform a sexy show as the main attraction!"

In that case Anita, we're pretty sure that you can guarantee your flights will always be fully booked! ♣



ANITA

GRIPPING YARNS

Shootout at Lazy B

The Wild West — a place where men were men, women were women, and cliches were cliches. Life there was a tough cookie for a greenhorn to crack, whatever that meant. But **Egbert Prong** was determined to do what a Prong had to do...

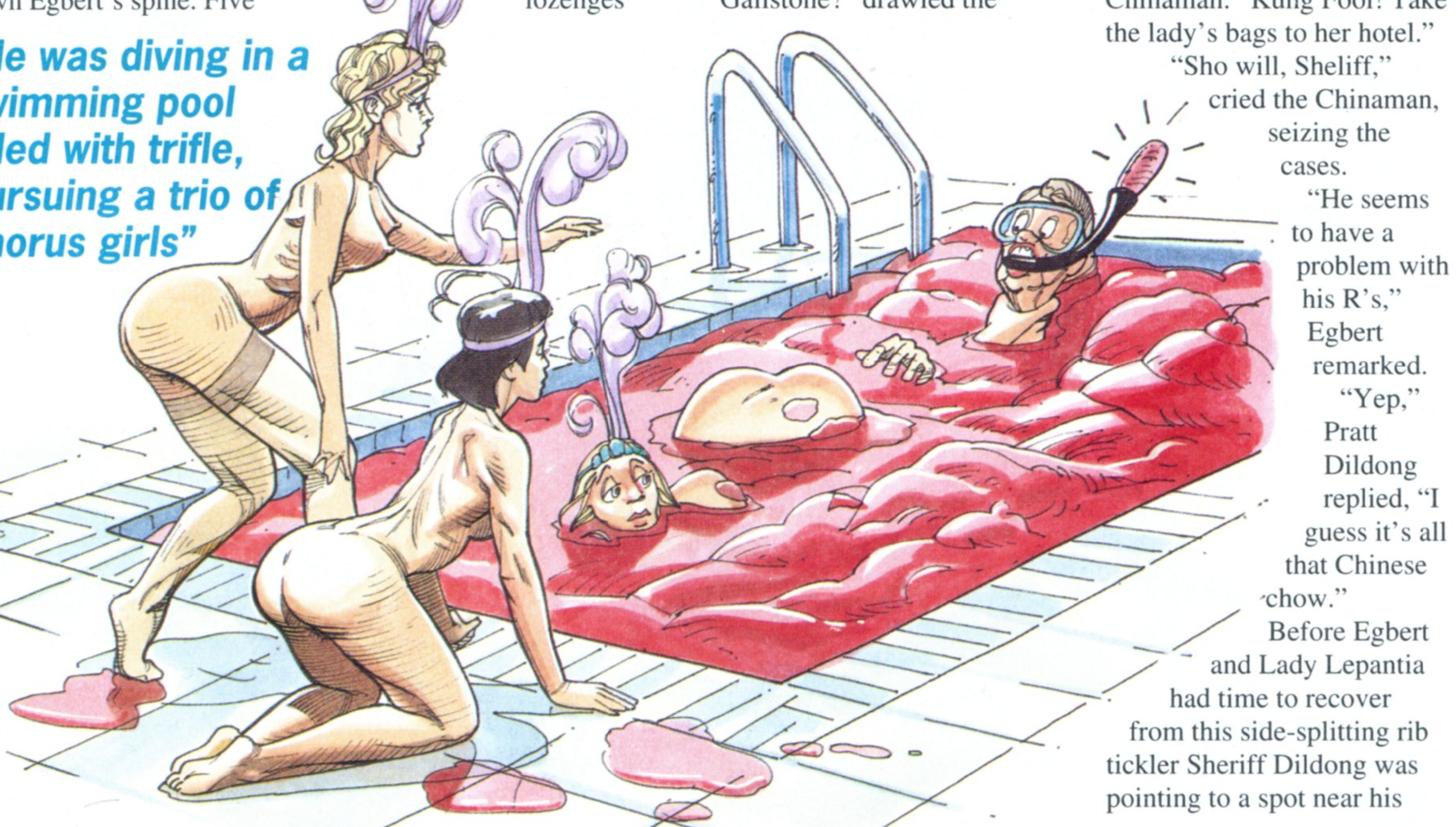
Young Egbert Prong fingered the rim of his Stetson excitedly as he gazed from the window of the stage-coach at the unfamiliar landscape which was unfolding before him. Dust blew, broken down shacks rattled in the wind and every now and then he caught sight of the sort of mean-eyed cut-throat who'd skin their own granny for the price of a sherbet dab and a couple of bulls-eyes.

"Crikey mater," he exclaimed, his impeccable vowels a-tremble with a mixture of fear and anticipation, "this is a rough and tumble, low down, no good Wild West sort of a place and no mistake!"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother, Lady Lepantia, "but we'll soon be through Bristol. And then it's on to Falmouth and our steamer for America!"

America! The very word sent a shiver of expectation down Egbert's spine. Five months before, his pater, Sir Poltroon Prong had died in a tragic accident. He was diving in a swimming pool filled with trifle, pursuing a trio of chorus girls, when a stray piece of sponge finger lodged in his snorkel and asphyxiated him. Now his heir and his widow were off to the New World and a new life — as owners of the Lazy B Ranch in Gallstone on the Western frontier.

"He was diving in a swimming pool filled with trifle, pursuing a trio of chorus girls"



illustrations by Adam Willis

Two Months Later, The Wild West

The Swells Farto stage rattled into the clapboard main street and came to a halt in a cloud of dust. "Gallstone, Az!" yelled the driver.

"Is that short for Arizona?" inquired Lady Prong.

"Nope, ma'am. All this dust just made me sneeze."

"This here's Wyoming, lady," a deep voice redolent of gun-smoke, rough tobacco and Victory-V throat lozenges added helpfully. It emanated from a tall, lean, raw-boned fellow who was holding open the door of the stage. He wore a marshall's badge, a white Stetson and his legs were covered in leather chaps. But this was no place to dwell on that aspect of his private life.

"Sheriff Pratt Dildong at your service, Mrs... ?" He tipped his hat gallantly.

Lady Lepantia eyed the man's firmly muscled arms and chest. "Actually, Sheriff," she said huskily, "I'm a lady."

"Sure enough," laughed Pratt Dildong heartily. "Either that or a rootin', tootin', cross-dressing son-of-a-gun from Arizona like Dragtime Cowboy Joe — the gun-slinger with the girdle and the ten gallon hats up his jumper."

"He sounds like our kinda guy!" cooed the leather chaps.

"What say I show you Gallstone?" drawled the Sheriff, nodding in the direction of Egbert, "and the young tenderfoot here too."

"I've seen him already," Lady Lepantia snapped wittily. "But I would be grateful for a guided tour. You're sure your wife won't take offence?"

"Hell no," the Sheriff slurred. "I mean what would she want with one anyhow? She's got all the barbed wire she needs back at the homestead."

"Er... no," said Lady Prong. "What I meant was, wouldn't Mrs Dildong think it unusual to see you in the company of a beautiful, desirable woman with breasts like a pair of pink-nosed puppies and firm, silky thighs with scenes from the Karma-Sutra tattooed on them in braille? A woman at the very peak of her sexual powers, whose orgasms are of such shuddering power they make the San Francisco earthquake seem like a hiccup, and whose detailed knowledge of love-making techniques is so vast it has *The Joy of Sex* as an introduction? Would not your good lady wife be made just a little jealous to see you on the arm of such a woman?"

The Sheriff thought for a moment. "Hot diggety-dog, ma'am. I figure you're right. I guess if a woman answering to that description ever turns up I'd have to avoid her like she was a skunk's shorts."

"How gallant you are," her Ladyship spat sourly.

"We Westerners pride ourselves on it ma'am," the Sheriff said with a smile. He beckoned to a nearby Chinaman. "Kung Fool! Take the lady's bags to her hotel."

"Sho will, Sheliff," cried the Chinaman, seizing the cases.

"He seems to have a problem with his R's," Egbert remarked.

"Yep," Pratt Dildong replied, "I guess it's all that Chinese chow."

Before Egbert and Lady Lepantia had time to recover from this side-splitting rib tickler Sheriff Dildong was pointing to a spot near his feet. "This here's where Wild Bill Halfcock bit the dust," he announced.

"Who did it, Sheriff?" asked Egbert eagerly.

Pratt's brow was creased with a frown as he spoke. "A young octopus," he said. "An eight-armed gun-slinging punk known locally as Billy the Squid." He paused, deep in thought. Perhaps he was remembering Wild Bill. Maybe he was recalling the incidents of that fateful day. But more likely he was wondering what a grown man like him was doing cracking crap jokes like that last one.

He cleared his throat. "Anyhow, Wild Bill was buried over on Stiletto Hill."

"Surely you mean Boot Hill, Sheriff," interjected Lady Lepantia.

"Nope," murmured the Sheriff. "Wild Bill was always mighty particular about his footwear."

At that moment the air was rent with a strange noise: Hoo ee ooh-ee-ooh dah dah-dah. Hink! Hunk! Hank! Hock! Hoo ee ooh-ee-ooh der de-de-der dah-dah. And simultaneously the air was filled with the kind of revolting stench commonly associated with a railway carriage full of Frenchmen.

"What on earth is that?" her Ladyship coughed, placing a small lavender scented g-string over her nose and making a note to pack her hankerchiefs and underwear separately in future.

Sheriff Dildong sniffed the air expertly. "That smell and that music can mean only one thing — Clit Beastrod is emptying his septic tank."

Egbert's face lit up. "What!" he ejaculated. "You mean Clit Beastrod, 'The Man With No Drain', tough outlaw star of the thrilling Western *The Good, The Bad and the Sani-Lav* lives here in Gallstone?"

"Nope," Pratt replied. "He just empties his septic tank here, but who the fuck's gonna argue with him?"

Later That Day In 'The Lucky Whore's Shoe Saloon, Casino and Karaoke Bar'

Lady Lepantia and young Egbert were seated at a table preparing to interview prospective employees for the Lazy B ranch. The saloon was deserted except for the

"She's kinda like a saloon car," the Sheriff explained. "Fast, flashy and hard to handle, but in expert hands she can give a real high-performance"

catering manager, a small, slim-hipped aesthete known locally as 'Butch Casserole' and his assistant, Gallstone's lambada champion, the Sin-Dance Kid. The clock struck and several watches came out in sympathy.

Suddenly the doors to the bar swung open and a raddled old cowboy strolled into the room. He was covered in tumbleweed, his Stetson was full of arrows and his legs were so bandy that everyone in the saloon instantly thought of Joan Collins. "Gimme a shot of red-eye," he croaked. The barman handed him a photo of Oliver Reed.

The old-timer turned to Lady Lepantia. "I hear you're looking for ranch hands," he said gruffly. "What are you planning to raise?"

"Little doggies," chirped Egbert enthusiastically.

"Longhorns or shorthorns?"

"Spaniels, actually," Egbert replied jauntily. "We're both terribly fond of them. We had two back in England. One was a darling little fellow called Blossom. We named him that because in summer when the chestnut shed its flowers across our lawn he loved to caper and frolic amidst the petals. The other one was called Conkers."

"Because he liked to play with the chestnuts when they fell?"

"No," Egbert said. "He just had enormous bollocks."

"Well," the man growled. "I ain't never heard o' these spaniel-cattle afore. But times is harder than a life-prisoner watching a Jane Russell panty-girdle commercial, so I guess I gotta take what I can get."

"What exactly do you do, Mr... ?" Lady Lepantia asked.

"Gristle. Big Mac Gristle. I'm a cow-poke, ma'am."

"Oh, you look after cows."

"Sometimes. Mainly though I just poke 'em."

At That Very Moment, In Santa Anna Greavsie

El Poco spat a filthy stream of tobacco across the floor of the cantina. "Ahhahahhaha!" he cackled loudly, "the dirty gringo pigs! Ahhahahhaa!" He spat some more, grunted a few times, belched, then whipped his dagger from his belt and rammed it into the table. "Ahahhahhahha! Dogs. Filthy sons of whores! I spit on them!"

He spewed a vile stream of red mulch in the vague direction of a spittoon.

"Oh dearie me," said the waitress to the barman. "He's off complaining about the scriptwriter again. You would think he'd have got used to these spaghetti westerns by now."

El Poco suddenly leapt to his feet. "You laugh at me, putana!" he yelled. "I will make you dance for this! Ahahahahaaa!" And, whipping out his pistol, he commenced shooting at the waitress' feet.

Two Days Later, Gallstone

Main Street was all a-bustle. It was the fashion in those days, you see. Though God knows why. It made all the women look as if they had huge arses. *(Sounds OK to me — The Ed.)*

Lady Lepantia, Egbert and Big Mac Gristle had loaded up a buggy with provisions and were about to set off for the Lazy B. Sheriff Dildong stopped by for a few words of advice. "You gotta be careful out there," he said. "The snows'll be comin' pretty soon. Holed up for months on end folks are likely to come down with 'cabin fever'. One minute you're fine, the next you're standing out in the garden begging someone to give you a coat of creosote."

An attractive young woman passed by on the sidewalk. Her face was flushed, her hair was dishevelled and she seemed to be trembling. "Looks like Dora Window's just come for her boy," Pratt Dildong remarked.

"Who is she?" Egbert demanded.

"She's a saloon girl," Big Mac Gristle grunted.

"What's a saloon girl?"

"She's kinda like a saloon car," explained the Sheriff. "Fast, flashy, and hard to handle, but in expert hands she can give a real high performance."

"Lumme!" exclaimed Egbert. "I can't wait to get my provisional licence."

"Well, ma'am," the Sheriff said to Lady Prong. "I guess I better let you get along."

"The way things are going I'm unlikely to get even a short," she rasped. "Goodbye, Mr Dildong." She cracked her whip and the buggy sped away in a cloud of dust.

Pratt Dildong watched until they were out of sight. "I reckon that lady needs the Magnificent Seven," he murmured to himself and he reached down to his pistol.

Two Months Later

El Poco and his gang had swooped on the Lazy B at first light. They struck as swiftly and dramatically as a case of Bombay belly. And they were just as messy. Egbert, Lady Lepantia and Big Mac Gristle had gone down fighting. In fact Lady Lepantia had gone down several times, usually on an unsuspecting Mexican.

The ranch was razed and the spaniels driven off. All that is save for one who, despite an injured foot, had tracked El Poco back to his hideout.

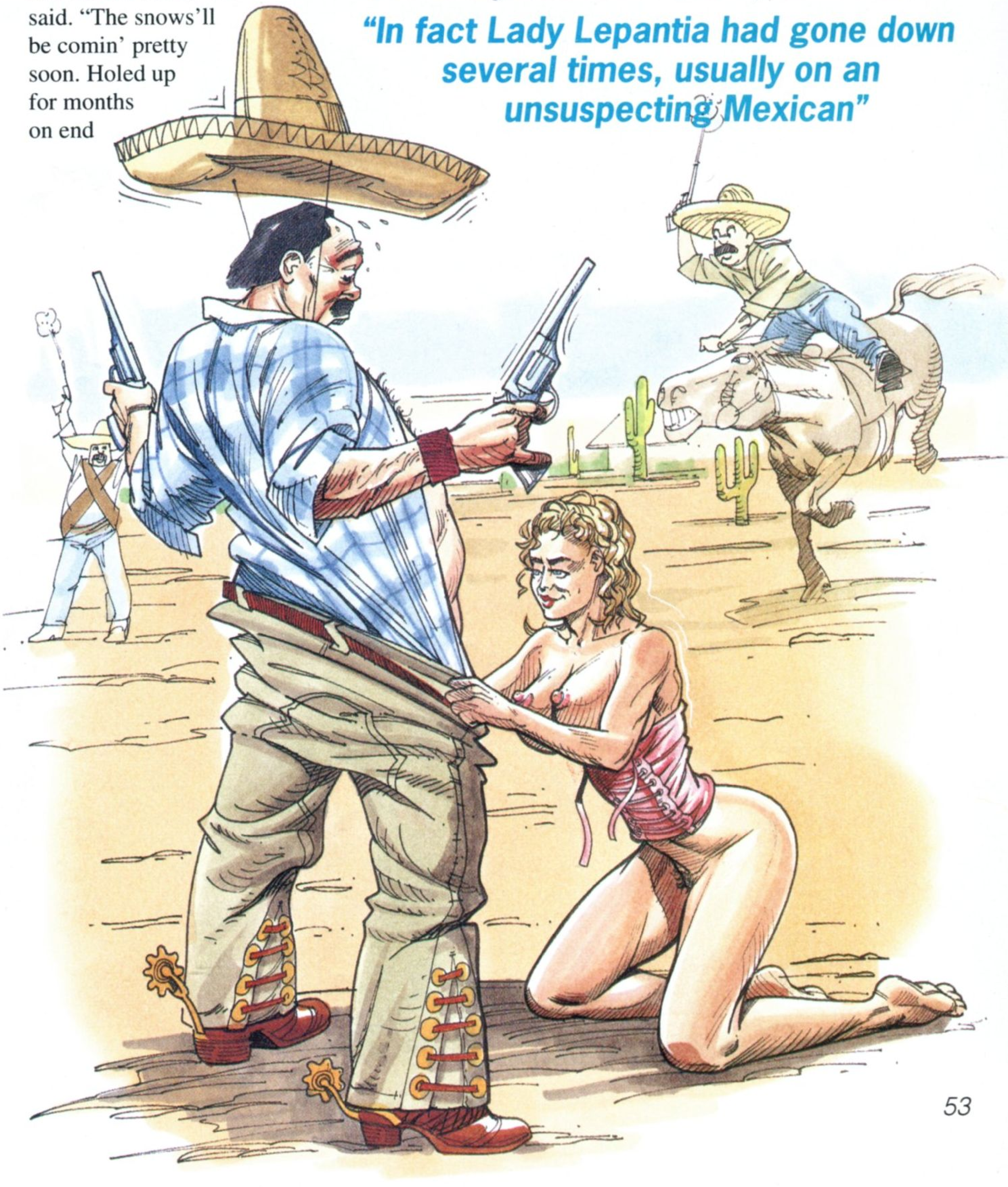
As darkness fell he limped boldly into the outlaw camp. El Poco faced him across a roaring fire.

"Waddaya want, gringo?" he snarled.

The spaniel looked down at the gunshot wound in his leg, spat, and looked at El Poco with eyes of steel.

"I'm lookin' for the man that shot my paw," he barked. *(You're fired — The Ed.)* ♣

"In fact Lady Lepantia had gone down several times, usually on an unsuspecting Mexican"



Photographs by Jack Harrison

sarah

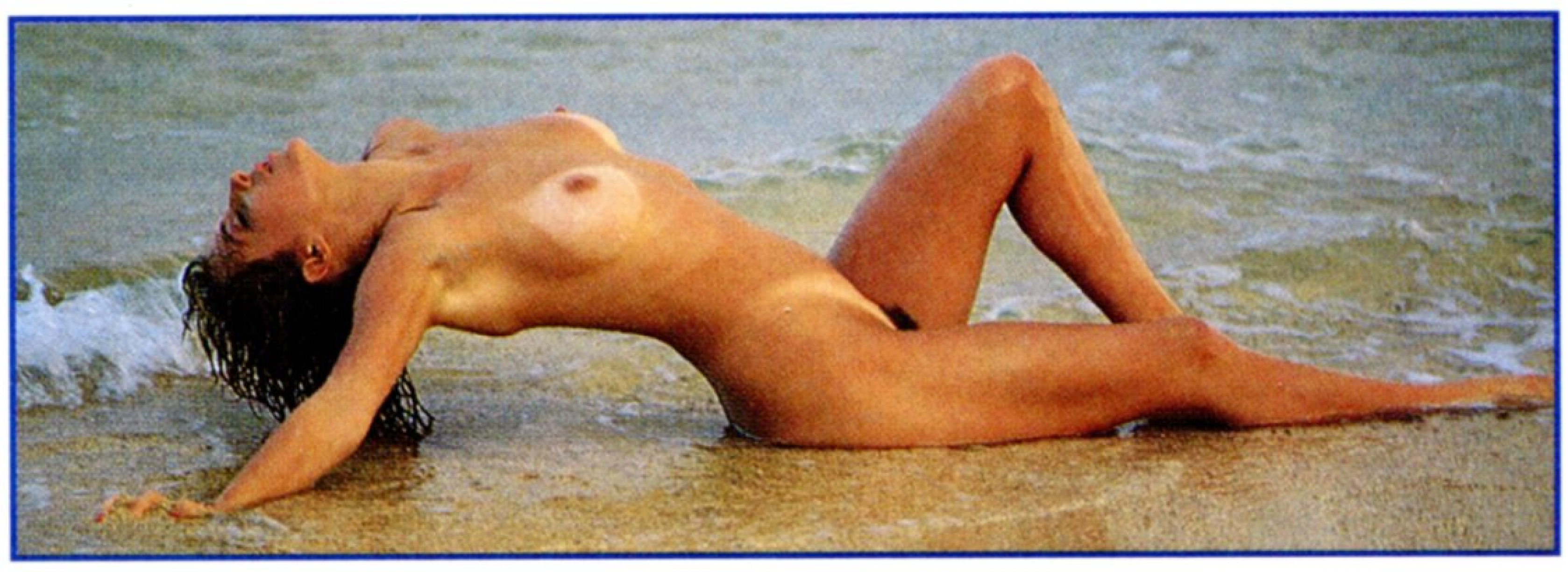
Sarah may well have just turned 19, but the receptionist from Manchester is still one of the naughtiest girls we've had the pleasure of meeting here at Club. "I may look all sweetness and light," giggles Sarah, "but don't you believe a word of it!

"Take my boss for instance," laughs the bubbly blonde. "He's fancied me for ages and he finally plucked up the courage to ask me out a couple of nights ago. He booked us into a restaurant for

a meal, then he'd planned to take in a show in the centre of town.

"All every nice, but I'm not the sort of girl who likes to mess around. What's the point in fancy meals and nights out when all you want to do is get someone in the sack !

"So when he called around to pick me up, I answered the door wearing nothing but a see-through negligee. I tell you, he soon forgot about food!" ♣



TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

DIRTY DESSERT

My name's Brenda and I'm a 21-year-old secretary for a small lawyers' office. I only starting working there about six months ago and I really like it. There's one added perk that makes my job interesting — my boss, Charles.

He's 30, incredibly handsome and, unfortunately, married. Still, this didn't stop me flirting madly with him. Most men find it hard to resist my 38C boobs and curvacious figure anyway!

Charles was having a hard job trying to avoid my advances, and I don't think he really wanted to. But as you can imagine, a busy lawyers' office is not really the place you start flinging your clothes off and fucking each other madly.

So I was at home one Saturday, watching television and daydreaming about my favourite subject — sex — when the phone rang. I picked it up and started to tremble when I heard Charles on the end of the line.

"Err, sorry to disturb you," he said, "but I really need you at the office. Can you come over immediately?" You can imagine what my answer was! I was practically running out of the door as soon as I hung up.

At the office the lighting was very dim. I knocked on Charles' door. "Come in, Brenda," he called. When I walked in I was surprised to see a picnic laid on the floor.

"I'm not going to beat around the bush, Brenda — I want you, and I know that you want me, so let's act like adults and get together," Charles said. Oh, I do like a man who speaks his mind!

I sat on the floor with him and he poured me a glass of champagne. "To us," he said as our glasses clinked. I took a little sip, then stared deep into his eyes before bending forwards and kissing his lips. His tongue slid into my mouth and our kisses became intense and eager as he moved on top of me. "God I want you to fuck me, Charles!" I said.

He fumbled, trying to undo my buttons; I was so keen I ripped the top of my blouse open, letting the buttons pop off left, right and centre. He pushed my right boob out of my black bra-cup and started sucking the nipple, pulling and tugging it with passion.

I reached down and felt a more than satisfactory bulge in his trousers, which he wriggled out of as I pulled my skirt and panties down. "Hurry," I gasped, quivering with excitement. I grasped his cock, which was large and standing to full attention.

"Suck it!" he said, pushing my head down towards his dick. I licked the helmet, then rubbed my tongue along the length, feeling every vein and lapping his salty skin. "Take it all!" he grunted.

I swallowed it quickly, pursing my lips tightly around the hard shaft and slipping it in until it almost touched the back of my throat. I had one of my hands wrapped around the base of his cock and the other weighing his heavy balls.

My pussy was almost dripping, I felt so horny, and I was hoping it was going to get some attention soon. Sensing this, he removed his cock from my mouth and laid me back on the floor so my legs were spread wide and sticking in the air.

"C'mon Charles. Fuck me now and fuck me hard!" I gasped. He gave me a wicked grin and mounted me, guiding his throbbing rod into my pussy. I wrapped my long legs around his neck and we fucked for only a few minutes. I was screaming with each and every little orgasm until I reached a monstrous one when his spunk shot right up my cunt

with amazing power.

This was definitely the best fuck I'd ever had and I lay there panting and exhausted for a second until I spotted a bowl of strawberries and a jug of cream laid out on the picnic rug.

I pushed Charles off me gently and looked at him. He lay with his eyes closed and wearing a smile a mile wide. I bent over and put a strawberry in my mouth and shuddered pleasantly at the sweetness of it. Then I picked up a couple of large ones and squashed them as much as possible until it was a strawberry mess. I rubbed it through my bush, then got the cream and ran it all down my boobs and stomach.

"Charles," I whispered, "dessert's ready!" He slowly opened his eyes and his face filled with pleasure when he saw me.

"Hmm," he murmured, licking up the cream around my breasts, "delicious!" I must admit my body did look gorgeous covered in cream. Charles was climbing all over me now, licking every curve and bump on my body greedily.

When he got to my strawberry pubes he started sucking the hairs so they tugged gently. I'd never had this done to me before and it felt wonderful. My cunt was starting to juice up again and I felt my clitty experience that familiar buzzing sensation.

Charles opened my legs wide and as he ate the strawberry mess he poked and licked every nook and cranny of my pussy.

His burning tongue found my clitty and sent shivers of electricity through my body as I came again. "Hmm," I heard his muffled moan through my muff, "it seems like there's a lot of cream down here as well!"

He slid his tongue deep down into my love-tunnel and licked all around it, making my body thrust back against him in ecstasy. "Fuck me again!" I cried. He turned me over so I was on all fours and slipped his cock into me from behind. It was entering me so deeply that I was yelling with excitement. He was slamming into me with such power and speed that my cunt was tingling like never before. He came again quickly, this time pulling his cock out and spurting his spunk all over my back.

We lay there all that afternoon, fucking and eating our picnic. Now Charles and I have our secret rendezvous every Saturday. He certainly keeps me a happy, horny girl!
— Brenda, Chobham

OUTDOOR ORGY

I've never written to you before, but I've decided that the time has come to tell you all about my husband and the sexy camping trip we had last summer.

I'm 23-years-old and my hubby is 24. We're a good-looking couple, Patrick being very handsome and muscular, me being rather fit and tanned. Anyway, we decided that we were going to go on a camping holiday as we are both keen nature lovers. Not only did we want to explore the countryside, but we also wanted to have the freedom of being able to walk around naked without anybody seeing us.

We drove off into the Scottish Highlands and pitched our tent up in a nice romantic bushy area. There was a lovely lake nearby, so Patrick suggested we go for a swim as we were rather hot from the long drive.

I was all for it, and ran towards the lake throwing my clothes off and giggling while Patrick chased me. When we got to the lake, though, it seemed that we weren't the only ones who had a bit of skinny-dipping in mind.

There was a man and woman splashing around in the water, oblivious to anyone or anything. Obviously they thought they had the place to themselves. Patrick and I ducked behind a bush to watch them.

The man had wonderful olive skin, yet the girl's was very, very pale. The contrast of their bodies was very striking and I started feeling horny whilst watching her bouncing breasts and his muscular torso. I looked over at Patrick who had a growing erection.

The couple swam over to the bank and started drying each other off with their towels. He was opening her legs as she stood there and wiping the drops of water off her pussy. I heard her giggle as his strokes become more eager and he dropped the towel, rubbing her cunt with his fingers.

Her mouth opened and even though we were a good 20 yards away, I could make out her saying, "Pussy's dying for your cock. Come and fuck my pussy." My own pussy was almost dripping by this stage as I saw him stand up and thrust his cock into her cunt. She had her long legs wrapped around his waist and he was fucking the life out of her.

I thought Patrick's cock was going to explode, it was so erect, and I knew that he wanted to fuck this pale-skinned beauty almost as much as I did!

Suddenly I heard the man roar like a wild animal as he pulled his cock out and spurted his come all over her body. This was making me so desperate for a fuck that I was just about to pull Patrick back to our campsite when I heard the man say, "You two watching us behind the bush. You can come out now!" It seemed they knew all along that they were being admired!

Patrick stood up guiltily, still wearing his seven inch erection, and I followed, my nipples erect and my pussy aching. They signalled us to come over and I tried to apologise for watching.

"Don't be silly," said the girl, who introduced herself

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as Amanda. "I'm sure Max and I would have done exactly the same thing if the positions had been reversed." Then Max said, "So what did you think of our performance, then?" I shyly nodded that I thought it was good, but Patrick, being unusually frank said, "Well, it certainly got my cock rising!"

"What about you?" asked Max, staring deep into my eyes. "Did it make you feel horny?" I answered yes, very much so, and out of the corner of my eye I saw Amanda running her fingers along Patrick's muscular chest. "You're so lucky to have such a horny husband," she said, looking at me. "He has such a magnificent cock too. Do you mind if I try it out?"

I didn't mind at all, just so long as I got to fuck Max. I ran my fingers along his smooth hairless chest and stood on my tiptoes so I could kiss him. His tongue ran over my lips, then slid into my waiting mouth. Our tongues entwined passionately, and I could hear Amanda slurping while giving Patrick a blow-job.

I decided to follow suit, and I knelt down on the soft ground and took Max's large cock into my mouth — he was rock hard again, so I knew he fancied me like crazy. I love giving head, and I can usually make a man come very quickly with just a few sucks and licks, but I didn't want Max to spunk before he'd fucked me, so I very gently licked the length, savouring the salty taste and Amanda's juices that were still coated on it.

I couldn't bear it any longer, I had to have him inside me. I laid back and said, "C'mon Max, show me what you're made of!" He crouched over me as I guided his cock into my wet cunt. I could hear Amanda and Patrick groaning away loudly, on the verge of coming, and this made me feel even hornier.

Max's cock slid in inch by inch, slowly until I begged, "Fuck me hard, Max. That's the way I like it!" He took what I said literally and pumped into me with such force that my cunt was throbbing all around his cock and my body shaking with a series of strong climaxes.

At that moment I sensed something near me, and turned my head to see Amanda's pussy inches from my face — with Patrick's big cock sliding slowly into it. She was on all fours, and she threw her head back and moaned as he pushed into her right up his balls.

Then she turned her head round to me and said huskily, "God, you're lucky. Your guy's got such a great, thick cock. It feels incredible sliding in and out of my pussy. I want him to fuck me hard now..."

With that, Patrick began to slam his meat into her hard and fast. It looked great, and I knew I wanted my final orgasm while watching them, so I moved my legs so they were over Max's shoulders — my favourite position. Max obviously liked that too: I felt his cock pulsate and his body shudder as he pumped spurt after spurt of his spunk into my cunt, while I pinched my own nipples and yelled out as I came. It felt magnificent.

As my orgasm subsided Patrick pulled his cock out of Amanda and sprayed his come all over her arse, saving the last fews drops for my tits and face. Then I licked all his spunk off her bottom, and she returned the compliment by licking me clean, before we both rounded off with a long, spunky kiss!

We moved our tent closer to Amanda and Max after that and our week of camping comprised of fucking, eating, fucking, swimming, and, you guessed it, more fucking! I got to eat Amanda's golden pussy many times, and we have all arranged to go camping again next summer.
— *Paula, Aberdeen*

CENTREFOLD CONFESSION

Playing away from home

LUST IN FRANCE

Hi guys, I hope you all remember us! I'm Laura, and my bubbly brunette friend is Heidi, and we've both bared our bods for Club recently. And the one thing we definitely agree upon is that stripping off for you horny lot is guaranteed to get randy girls like us very wet between the legs!

Heidi and I have only known each other for a few months, but we get on like a house on fire. We've double dated a couple of times, and things tend to get rather frantic with both of us around. Guys say the combination of the pair of us is more than they can handle!

So I suppose with the two of us going on holiday together, things were bound to get interesting. We both had a few days to spare, so we decided to drive to a nice little town in the South of France and spend some time sampling the local wine and chatting up a few sexy guys. But from the moment we got there it poured with rain, and we ended up just sitting in near-deserted cafes wondering how to amuse ourselves.

One afternoon we were in our hotel lounge discussing whether to give up and head for home, when Heidi pointed out a rather handsome guy at the front desk. Heidi can be a terrible flirt when she wants to be, and it wasn't long before the guy's eyes were riveted to her as she giggled and chatted away, surreptitiously hitching her skirt up a bit higher over her thighs. No red-blooded male could resist the sight of legs like that!

"I'll go and order some coffee," said my naughty friend. "That will give me a chance to talk to him and find out his name." With that she sauntered up to the desk and was soon deep in conversation with the horny guy. From time to time she pointed over towards me and smiled... and knowing Heidi, I could just imagine what she was promising him!

When she came back over she said she'd made a date with the guy for later that evening, when he was off duty. We were pretty excited at the thought of getting the first male company we'd had since we got there, and went off to our room to get ready for some fun.

"Let's just put on some really sexy underwear and nothing else," suggested Heidi. "Then when Paul gets here, he'll see what he's getting straight away."

"What exactly did you say to him?" I asked.

"Oh, I just told him we were lesbians and we'd put on a little show for him," laughed Heidi.

I was lost for words. You see, I'd never actually done anything with another girl before! My face must have given away my thoughts, because Heidi put her arm around me and said, "Sorry, Laura. I was just having a bit of fun. You should have seen the bulge in his trousers when I said we might let him join in! Anyway, I had another reason for saying it — I'm crazy about you!"

I looked at her to see if she was joking again, but for once she seemed to be deadly serious. Her brown eyes held mine in an intense gaze and I started to feel the stirring inside me which I recognised as pure horniness.

"We'd better get ready," Heidi said. "Paul will be here quite soon, and I want us both to look so drop-dead gorgeous he'll think all his Christmases have come at once!"

This seemed like a pretty good idea to me. I might be feeling a bit surprised — and excited — at the thought that Heidi had the hots for me, but I still wasn't going to miss the chance to have some fun with a horny guy like Paul.

By the time Paul knocked on our door we were wearing our sexiest undies. We'd spent quite a while trying on different sets, and watching Heidi get in and out of all those knickers had certainly quickened my pulse! My pussy was tingling and I really wanted to play with myself, especially when Heidi flung her arms around me and kissed me softly on the lips, saying, "Mmm, you look good enough to eat, Laura!"

I was in for another surprise when we opened the door to Paul, though. He was hand in hand with a stunning Indian girl who was wearing the shortest, tightest dress I'd ever seen.

"This is my girlfriend Anna," he said. "She saw you two talking to me in reception and she's been horny as hell ever since. I hope you don't mind me bringing her along?"

Heidi's answer was to kneel between Anna's feet and roll the tight dress up until it was around her waist. Anna wasn't wearing panties, and I heard Heidi murmur, "I can see you're already wet," as she rubbed her fingertips along Anna's slit and slid one finger right inside her.

I'd never realised watching something like that could get me so aroused; and as Heidi began to lick Anna, who had pulled the top of her dress down so she could rub and pinch her nipples, I couldn't resist pulling the crotch of my panties aside to finger my cunt.

I'd hardly even touched myself before my fingers were replaced by Paul's, though. He'd unzipped his pants, and I started wanking his thick, throbbing cock as he explored my wet pussy. I could hear Anna moaning as Heidi's pussy-licking got more and more frantic, and I closed my eyes and let the horny sound carry me away as I wrapped my lips around Paul's cock.

He sighed contentedly as I settled into a steady sucking rhythm, and I felt his dick grow even bigger and firmer in my mouth, until it was nudging the back of my throat with each stroke. Paul pulled my snatch towards his face and starting flicking his tongue over my clit until I was pushing hard against him and feeling wetter than I'd ever been in my life. Then I forgot all about Heidi and Anna as Paul shoved his tongue right inside me and I was overwhelmed by the sensation of his hard cock in my mouth and his tongue fucking my cunt.

Paul's strokes were getting harder and faster, and I sucked as much of him into my mouth as I could take, knowing he was getting ready to shoot his load. When he filled my mouth with his hot, creamy spunk it was such a thrill I came too, rubbing my pussy hard against his tongue to bring myself off.

We lay like that for a while, gradually becoming aware of the room around us. Then Paul began to lick me again, very slowly and gently... but his mouth felt softer somehow, and more sensitive. I opened my eyes slowly to see Anna's head buried between my legs, her long hair brushing my thighs as she spread my pussy lips and ran her tongue up and down my slit.

It felt like a flash-flood rushing over my body. I was so aroused by this sexy girl it didn't take much for her to send me into a chain of climaxes which seemed to last for ever. And the whole time I was acutely aware of her soft, almost naked body so close, and Heidi's eyes on me as I revelled in my first lesbian experience.

The sight was obviously having a dramatic effect on Paul too, because in no time at all his cock was hard again and he was lifting Anna's bum into the air so he could slide into her hot pussy from behind. Her licking got more intense as Paul started thrusting into her, pushing her against me.

"Pull your cock out and spray your spunk all over Anna," Heidi said. "I want to see Laura lick it off."

The idea seemed to send Paul over the edge, because immediately Heidi said that he did what she asked. A couple of quick strokes and he was shooting his load all over Anna's thighs and

bottom — for my benefit!

Anna gave me a passionate kiss as I pulled her closer, stroking and squeezing her spunk-covered body. Then she lay back in complete abandonment as I licked my way up to her pussy. It tasted sweeter and juicier than I ever could have imagined.

A couple of minutes licking my first cunt, exploring every inch of it with my eager tongue, and I was so hot I thought I'd spontaneously combust. My fingers were in my pussy, trying to satisfy me, when Heidi took charge of the situation again.

"This is what you need, Laura," she said, as she brought out a huge vibrator. I lay on my back, with Anna's cunt over my face, and Heidi pressed the buzzing tip of the dildo against my aching clitty.

It was like an electric shock! I came so forcefully that my whole body was shaking, and I hadn't even begun to calm down when Heidi slid the whole thing into my aching cunt. Girls, if you've never had your snatch filled with something big and hard while you lick a juicy pussy, you're definitely missing out!

I'm sure Heidi had done this to another girl before, because she was soon fucking me in a rhythm that drove me absolutely crazy, holding back whenever I got close to coming, and rubbing my clit with her thumb. When I did come it was like an earthquake inside me, and my tongue trembling inside her brought Anna off too. She flooded my mouth with her sweet pussy juice.

Later — much, much later! — the four of us got dressed up and went out on the town together. Paul said it was the most exciting lezzie show he'd ever seen... and he had absolutely no idea that it was my first ever time. It had been one of the horniest days of my life — and it wasn't over yet!

When Heidi and I finally made it back to our hotel room in the small hours, it seemed natural for us to fall into bed together in just our underwear. And it was only as Heidi started to slowly peel off my silky panties that I realised we'd never actually done all the things that had been running through my mind earlier. I'd been so busy enjoying the experience with Anna and Paul that I'd never got around to licking Heidi's pussy — and I got the definite feeling, from the horny look she was giving me, that she was still waiting.

But this time it was my turn to take the initiative. Heidi looked amazed when I reached for the bottle of baby lotion by the bed, but her face was soon the picture of sensual pleasure as I began to give her a massage that she'd never forget. I slowly worked my way over her whole body inch by inch, until she was so turned on her pussy juice was soaking the sheets and she was almost begging for me to touch between her legs.

When I knew she couldn't wait a second longer, I licked my way down from her lips to her nipples, pausing to suck and nibble them before I carried on down to her beautiful snatch. Her pussy lips were drenched with sticky juices — sweeter-tasting even than Anna's — and as I plunged my wet tongue deep inside her she yelled, "Oh, yes! Make me come Laura! That feels so good!"

She tasted wonderfully delicious, and as I began building up an intense rythmn using my tongue, I began to fell Heidi shake like a leaf as an orgasm ripped through her body.

Then Heidi reached inside the bedside drawer and pulled out a big double-ended dildo. I'd never seen anything like it before, and I gasped as I realised exactly what she had in mind.

Without any prompting from Heidi, I lay back as she slowly worked one thick end of it into my dripping pussy. Then she slid the other end into her own cunt and began to furiously hump. Feeling it slide deep inside me, and at the same time watching the other end slide in and out of Heidi's tight cunt was pushing me to unbelieveable heights, and I reached down and began to rub my own aching clitty. That got Heidi really excited, and she told me later that she loved to watch me play with my wet pussy.

It probably won't surprise any of you to learn that Heidi and I spent the rest of that night, and most of the next morning, licking, sucking and fingering each other before we finally fell asleep in each other's arms. And since then we've had a few more thrilling threesomes and foursomes, as well as spending a lot of time fucking each other. I still can't believe that I had to go all the way to France just to find out that my best friend could be my lover too! — *Laura, Cambridge*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

ROCK ON!

My best friend Tara and I are unashamed groupies. If we named names about the people in big and small rock groups who we've slept with, they'd have to serialise it in the tabloids for about a fortnight! I can't even begin to describe the feeling of seeing a bloke who you really fancy up there onstage in front of hundreds of people who are worshipping them, and knowing that within an hour you'll be backstage with them; you'll be sucking on the cock that's been hardening in their pants throughout the show, feeling that come shoot down to the back of your throat, knowing that thousands of other girls would kill to be in your position.

We've been at this for a long time now (we're both 22), so we always know how to get to the best guys, and there are hundreds of stories which I could tell, but the one I want to share with your readers is something that happened only a couple of weeks ago. One of our favourite bands, who come from London, had announced a couple of months back that they were going to do a tour of small clubs up here, and ever since that announcement Tara and I had been feverishly excited.

There are five blokes in the band (so that no-one can guess who they are I've changed all their names in this story), and to say that they are all gorgeous would be an understatement. We'd been poring over all the posters and interviews on them that we could find, and I have to admit that I'd played with myself while looking at some of the horniest pictures, imagining them all having me at once, one after the other — and of course, me loving every minute of it!

When they came to Liverpool, which is the nearest big town to us, we dressed up in our skimpiest outfits, ones which we knew would get us noticed straight away. Me with my waist length blonde hair and the tight, dark blue velvet dress which plunged almost to my pussy at the front, and Tara the redhead in a skintight black catsuit with the highest heeled open-toed shoes you've ever seen — we knew we were the best looking girls in the club, and when two of the band's roadies picked us out of the crowd towards the end of the set, as they do with all the band's groupies, we knew that we were both in for the fucking of our lives.

Backstage after their set the band were lounging around in their dressing room when the roadies brought us in and introduced us. "Hi there, girls," the singer Chris smiled. "I think you know what we want..."

Before I could open my mouth Tara had set our cards on the table. "And we're the girls who are going to give it to you, right?" she grinned. We all laughed and someone shoved a drink into my hand.

"The thing is," the guitarist Brett said, "that it's our tour manager Art's birthday today, and he never gets a fucking while we're on the road. How about giving him a birthday present he's never going to forget?"

We didn't need prompting — we knew exactly what was needed here. One of our special double acts.

Art stood in the middle of the room as Tara and I stripped and got ready for action. I never wear any underwear, so when I took off my dress I was standing naked in the middle of the room, while Tara's catsuit revealed just thong panties. Then she started to do what she does best — give me a very satisfying muff-dive.

It never fails to get guys hard, watching the two of us together, and this time was no exception — except that we'd never done it on front of six people before!

Tara's tongue slid inside my wet cunt so easily, and I leaned my head back as I stood there and savoured the sensation of her thumbs softly rubbing my clitty as her tongue snaked in and out of me. My knees were trembling and Tara's hands gripped my bum cheeks as she got horny from licking me out too.

"Talk dirty to her," Art told me from somewhere behind me. "Tell her what you want her to do."

"Lick me faster!" I breathed to Tara. "Push your fingers into my cunt too — I want you to finger-fuck me!"

Tara did as she was told, and I felt two fingers push themselves up my cunt. I was so wet they slid in easily, and Tara, always wanting to push things to the limit, slid in another finger, and then another, until all four fingers were fucking my little pussy.

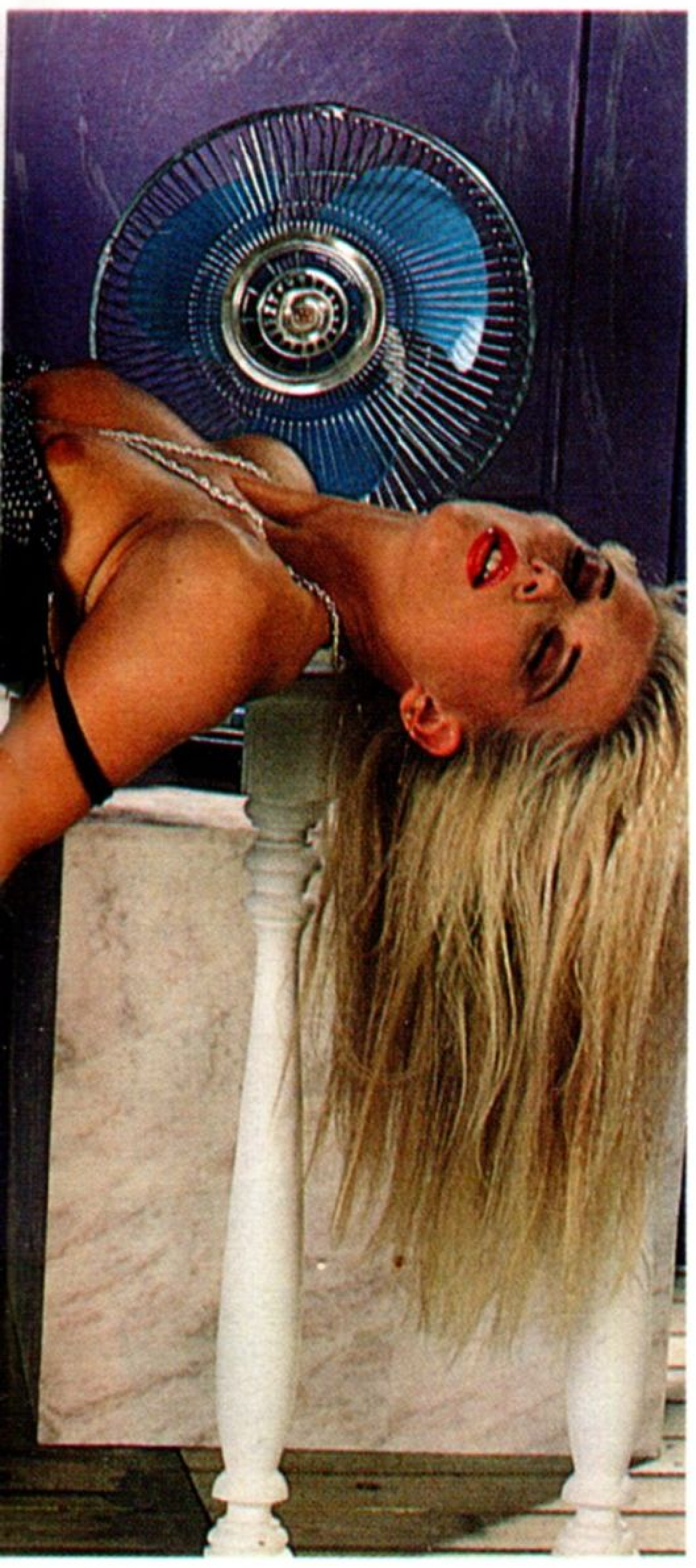
I started pushing my bum against her hand, desperately writhing around in an effort to get as much of her slim fingers inside my tight cunt as possible.

I was still standing, and from behind me I felt Art's hands reach around and start to play with my boobs. His fingers seemed to find the same rhythm as my friend's fingers and tongue as he kneaded and tweaked my nipples in time. I came then, and the warm climax spread right through my aching cunt and started to work its way up the rest of my body as it was followed by a series of powerful comes that had me screeching, "More, more! Harder! Please, harder" at the top of my voice.

I opened my eyes in shock at how horny I'd become, and saw that while Tara was still on her knees in front of me fingering my wet pussy, the bassist John had knelt behind her and was pushing aside her tiny thong so that he could fuck her from behind with what looked like a very meaty sized schlong indeed!

Tara groaned loudly with pleasure as she felt the first thrust of it inside her obviously soaking cunt, and then she ground her hips against John's pubic bone as she tried to get him as far inside her as possible. "Mmm, that feels good. Fuck me as deep as you can go," she moaned to him, and he was as good as his word, rearing up so that he could really pork her hard, his fucking action almost lifting her clean off the floor, it was so powerful. I loved to see my friend getting such a thorough shagging!

Obviously she was so engrossed that she stopped tonguing me. My clitty felt so sensitive that I thought I couldn't stand to be fucked



myself, but as Tara moved away I felt Art get out his prick and rub the moist end of it over my bare buttocks, turning me on unbelievably as I waited for what seemed like an eternity for him to push that length right up me.

"Now, fuck me now," I begged him. I'd never needed cock so much. He gripped my hips and bent me over so that I was touching my toes, which meant that my pussy hole was wide open, gaping and gasping for his attentions.

I came as soon as his cock first got inside me, and for a guy who supposedly had no sex on the road he was pretty good, really moving his cock around inside me, side to side as well as back to front, so that I could feel every inch of that tool giving me the best fucking I'd had in weeks. The blood was rushing to my head as he pumped harder and faster with every second, and my cunt was soaking wet. I gripped him with my pussy walls and just savoured every second of the fucking.

It took him ages to shoot his load, and he must have been saving it up for months, because I felt a hot torrent of spunk shoot into me, which made me gasp with delight and orgasm again. It took me a few minutes to recover, but then I was ready for more cock!

While I was catching my breath I watched Tara finishing off John with the

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C I

special backwards thrusting that she's justly famous for, her face contorted with effort and ecstasy as she had her own orgasm as well. With a cry of, "Fuck me, that was fantastic!" John came his load inside her — and then all hell broke loose.

It was every man for himself – and we girls were on the receiving end!

I lay on the floor with my legs spread so wide that my ankles were round my ears and the drummer Rob, with his flies already unzipped on his tight leather trousers and his prick standing to attention and ready for action, came forward to be first in the queue to service my aching cunt. And I really needed it by then too. My mind was just full of sex and all the different cocks that I wanted to experience, and when Rob's long prick slid into me and I felt our pubic mounds grinding together, I orgasmed again straight away, my pussy walls contracting and my mouth opening in a great silent scream of pleasure.

Of course, that was the cue for a meaty cock to be pushed between my lips — I don't know whose cock it was — and I closed my eyes and gave myself in completely to the sensation of having one tool rogering my tight pussy and another fucking my mouth. I relished the salty taste of it too, alternately sucking and nibbling as it was pushed quickly in and out of me, and I took it back as far as I could into my throat, nuzzling my lips against a bush of silky pubes as I swallowed it all.

It felt so wanton and filthy to be being seen to by two men at the same time in full view of everyone else in the room, who were all avidly watching and loudly cheering us on. Tara had been recovering from being fucked by John, but as I opened my eyes again to take in the whole flithy scene, I could see that she was feeling left out of the action and wanted to get right back into the centre of things. I just wondered what outrageous trick she was going to pull out of the hat next.

She stood in the centre of the ring, just in front of me, and held out her hands. "I'll take on two blokes in my hands at once," she announced proudly, "if someone will come and fuck my pussy!"

There was an rush of willing volunteers towards her, and she had her pick of who was to get into her cunt. She chose Jay, the youngest and shyest of the band, quickly pulling down his button-fly trousers and taking out one of the most enormous pricks I'd ever seen. I'd have gasped — if my mouth wasn't already full.

She pushed Jay onto his back on the floor and sat astride him, sinking right down onto that huge cock with a loud groan of pleasure. I could tell she'd come right away, and she rode him hard then, writhing and pressing her knees close into his body as she dictated the pace of their fucking.

At the same time she was wanking off both Art and Brett, pulling their cocks up and down. They were both circumsized and the smooth texture of the pricks was obviously a really turn-on for her. I could see the way she took first one and then the other into her mouth, covering the sticky shafts with a mix of saliva and pre-come and manipulating them to the point where neither of them could hold back their wads of come any longer.

Brett shot his load first, all over Tara's big boobs and flat stomach, and she made sure that Art was able to shoot straight into her open, waiting mouth. The dirty bitch swallowed every last drop too, before proudly massaging Brett's come into her bare skin.

That set me off again and I sucked like fury on the cock in my mouth until I felt that it was about to shoot. Then I deliberately took it out of my mouth and aimed the come that spurted out of it all over my body, coming again as I felt it splatter all over my stomach and thighs. Rob grunted and powered into me one last time before emptying his balls where I wanted — right at the heart of my cunt.

Then I heard the clicking of a camera as one of the road crew took some snapshots, and both Tara and I happily posed for a whole flithy roll of sticky, spunk covered shots — we were even persuaded to French kiss each other for several frames, and I relished the taste of the spunk on my best friend's mouth as our tongues mingled.

The tour is over now and the band have gone back to London, but they still have those filthy photos to remember us two horny bitches by; and they've promised that if they're ever in the Liverpool area again, then they'll drop by for a repeat perfromance! — *Vanessa, North Wales* ♣

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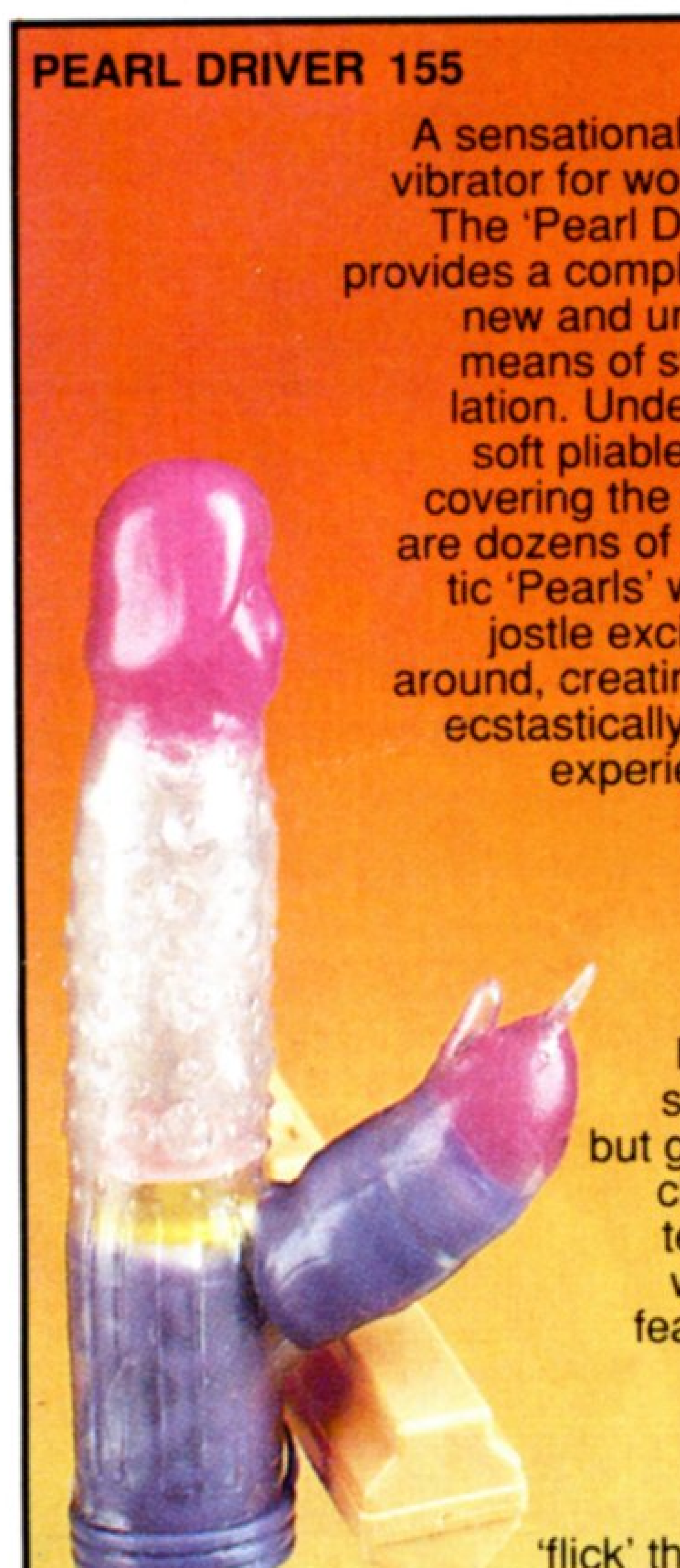

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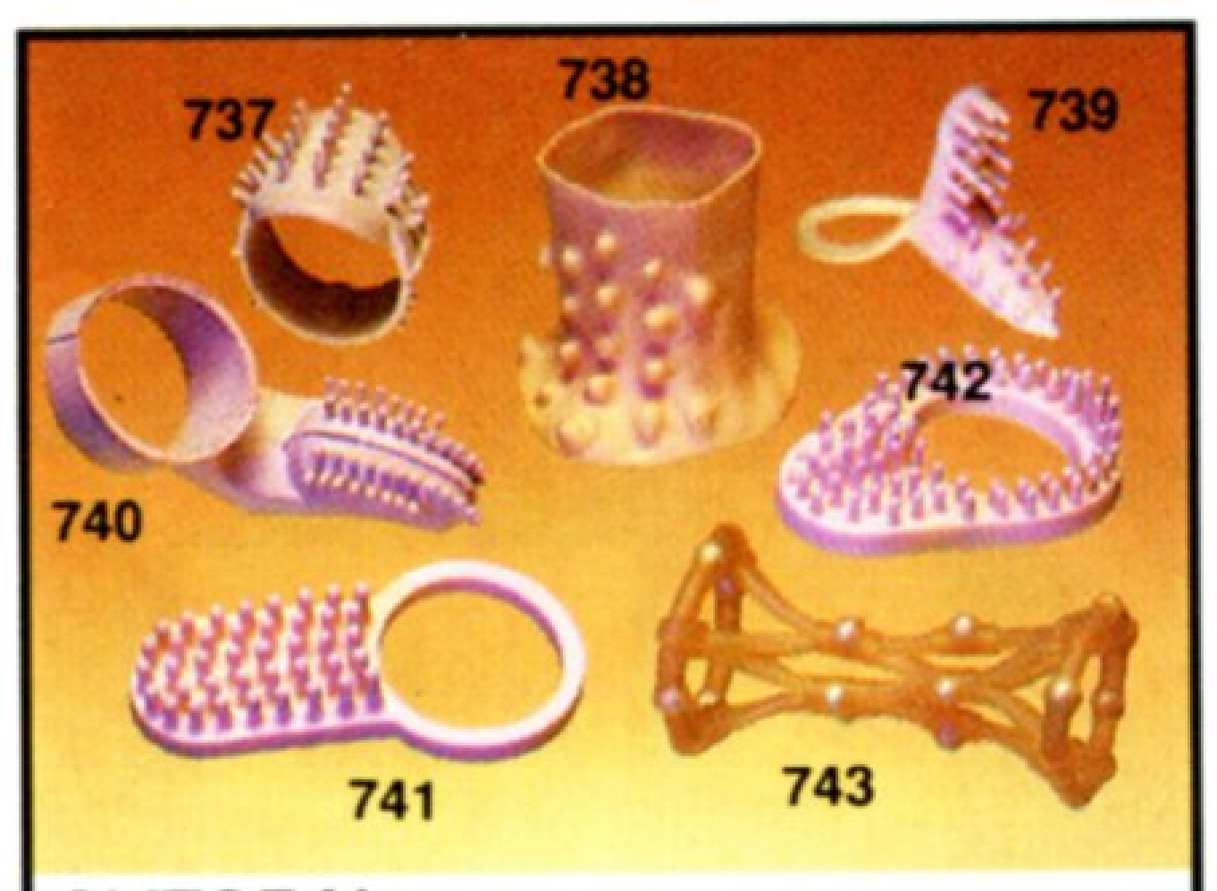

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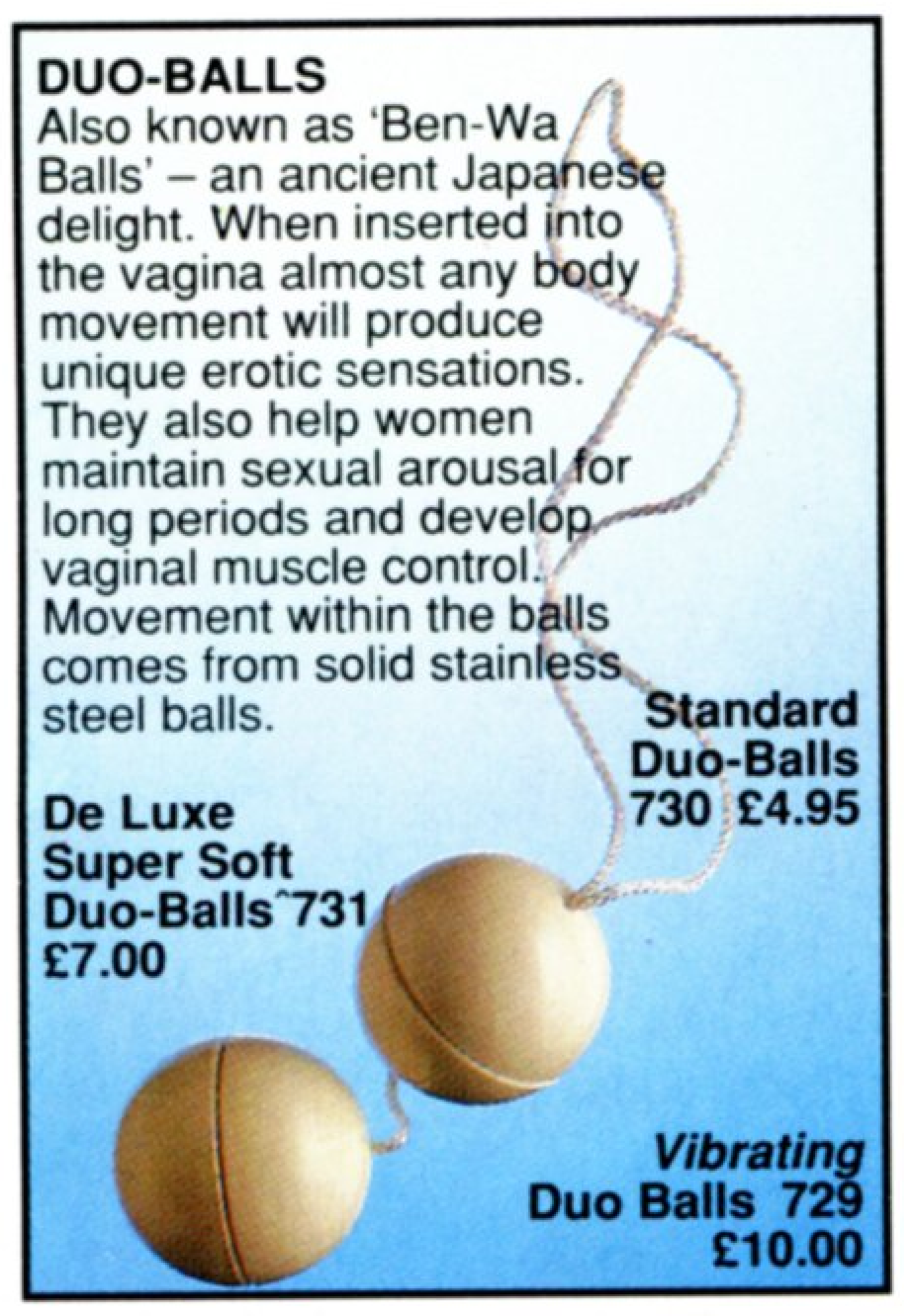

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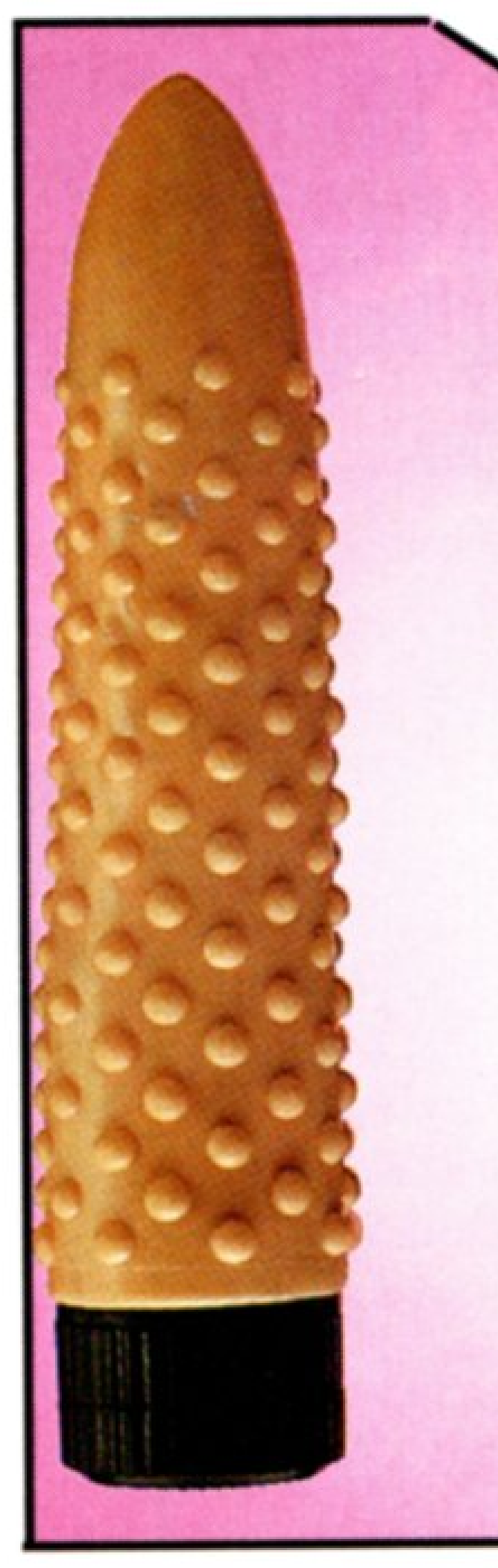

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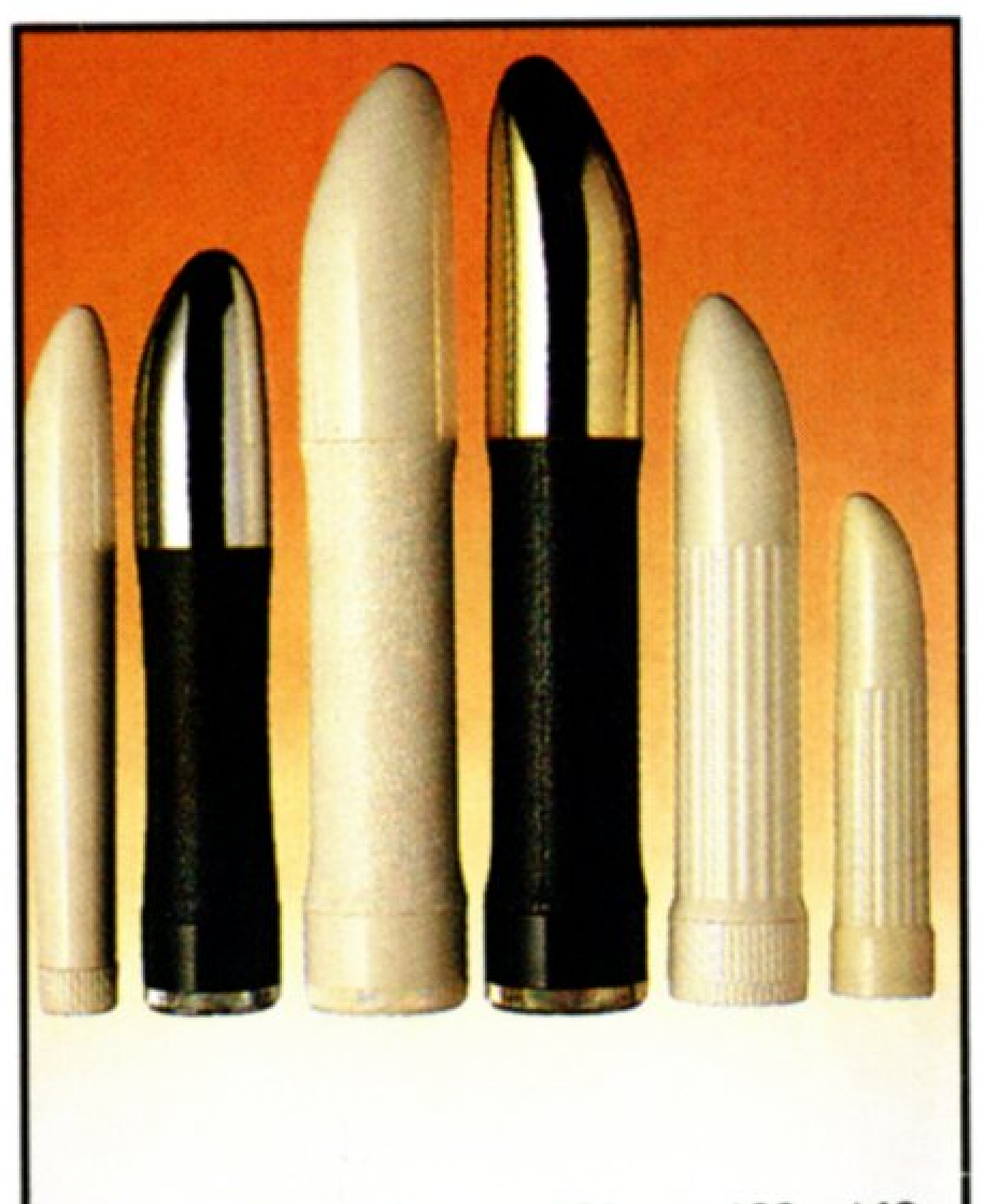

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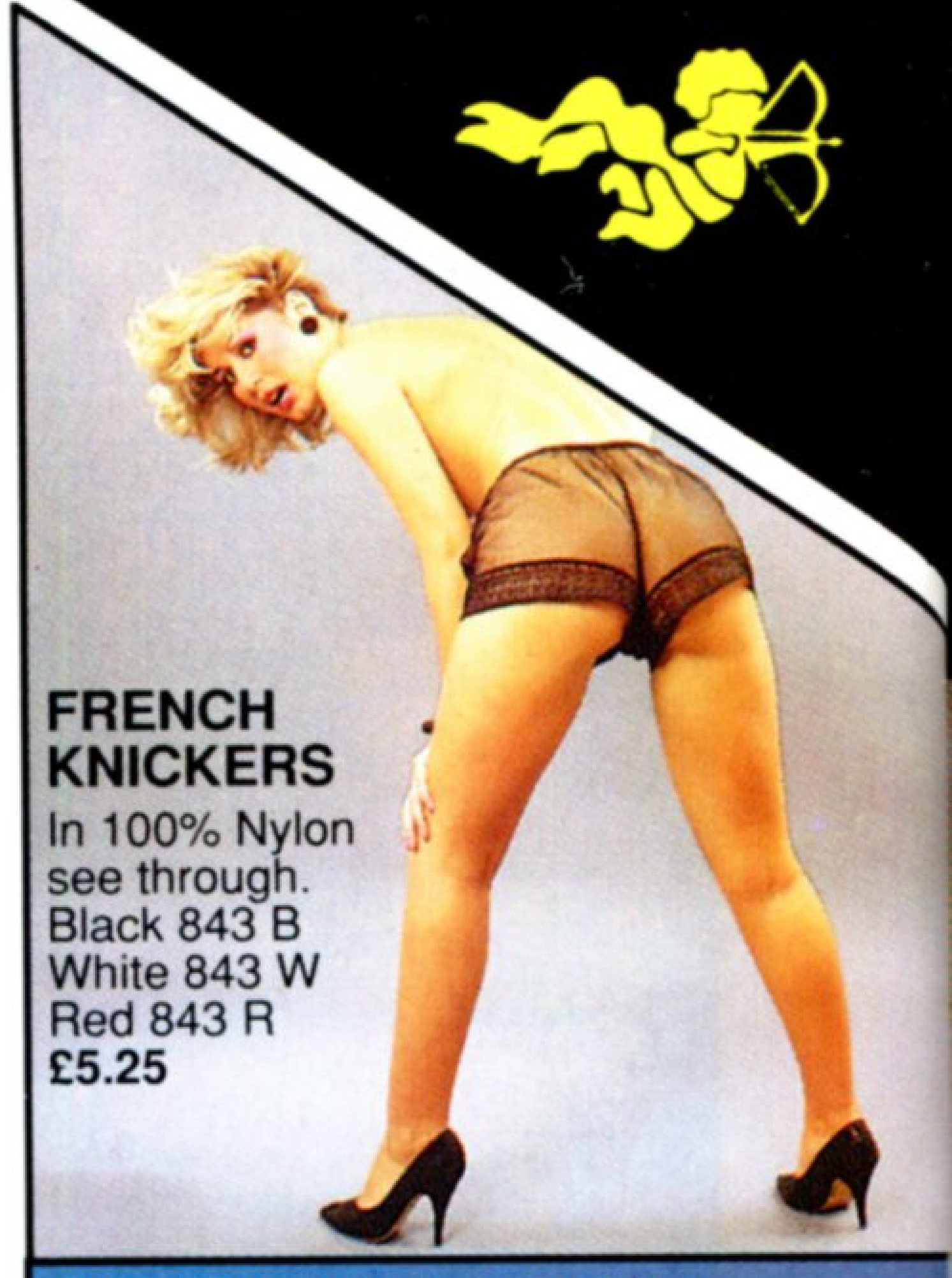

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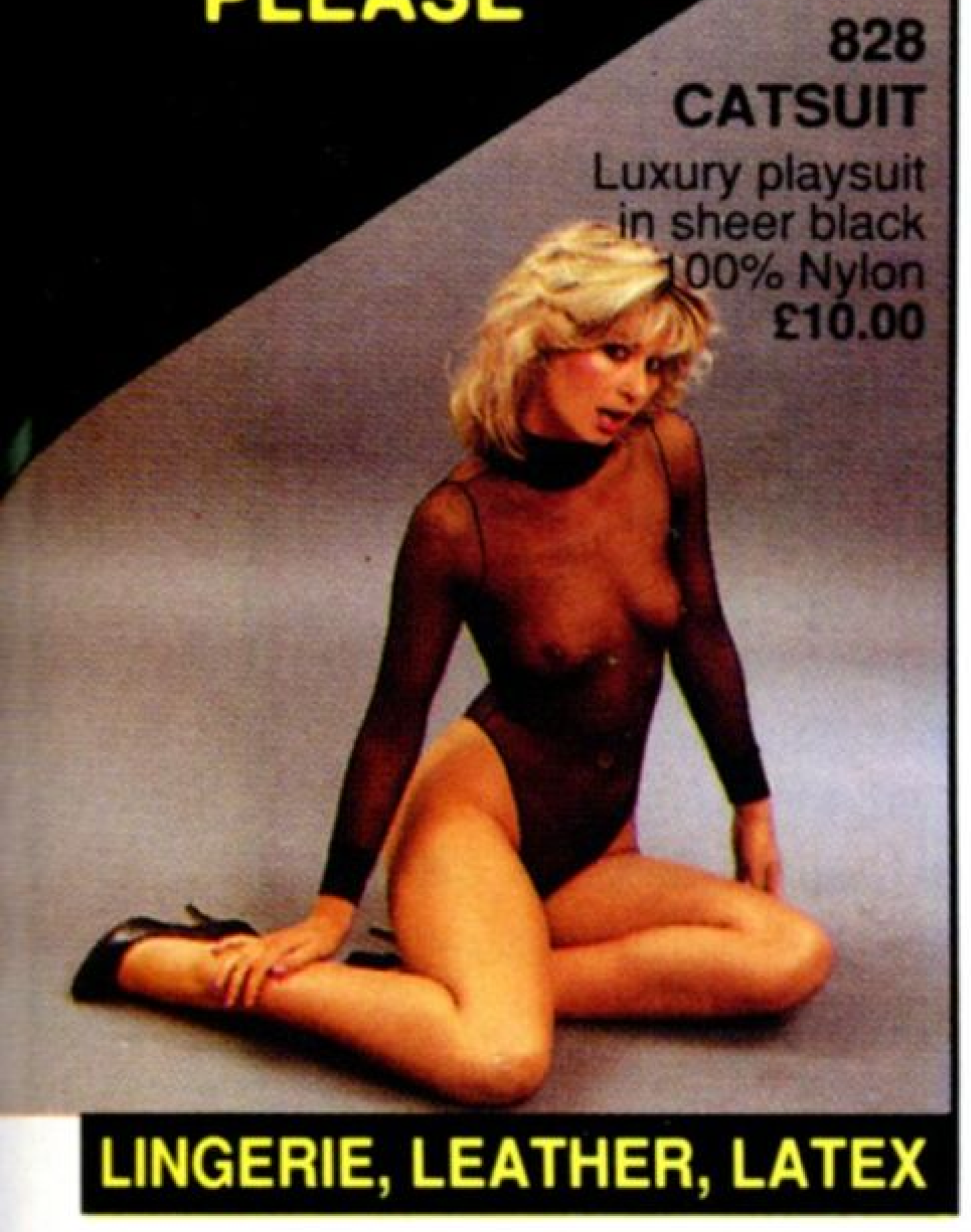

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It is almost 10" long with a band of firm ribs preceding deep ripples that run almost the rest of its length. Al,l this, together with a high degree of flexibility and firmness, to take you into new realms of ecstasy. £9.75

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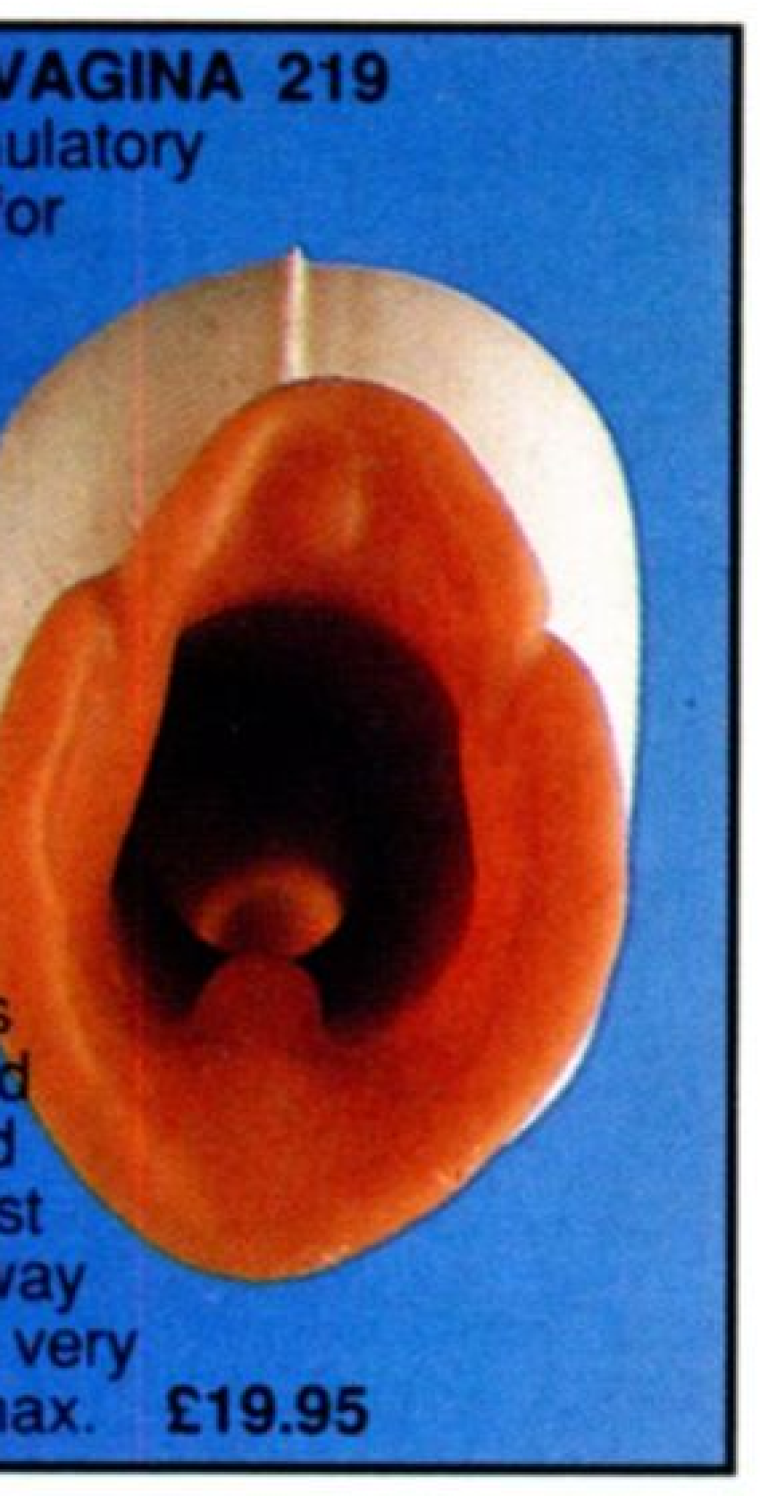

A superb stimulatory device, ideal for when normal intercourse is not possible. It is fitted with a built in vibrator which causes the latex body to pulsate intensively. The vibrations are transferred to the inserted penis in a most highly erotic way – leading to a very satisfying climax. £19.95

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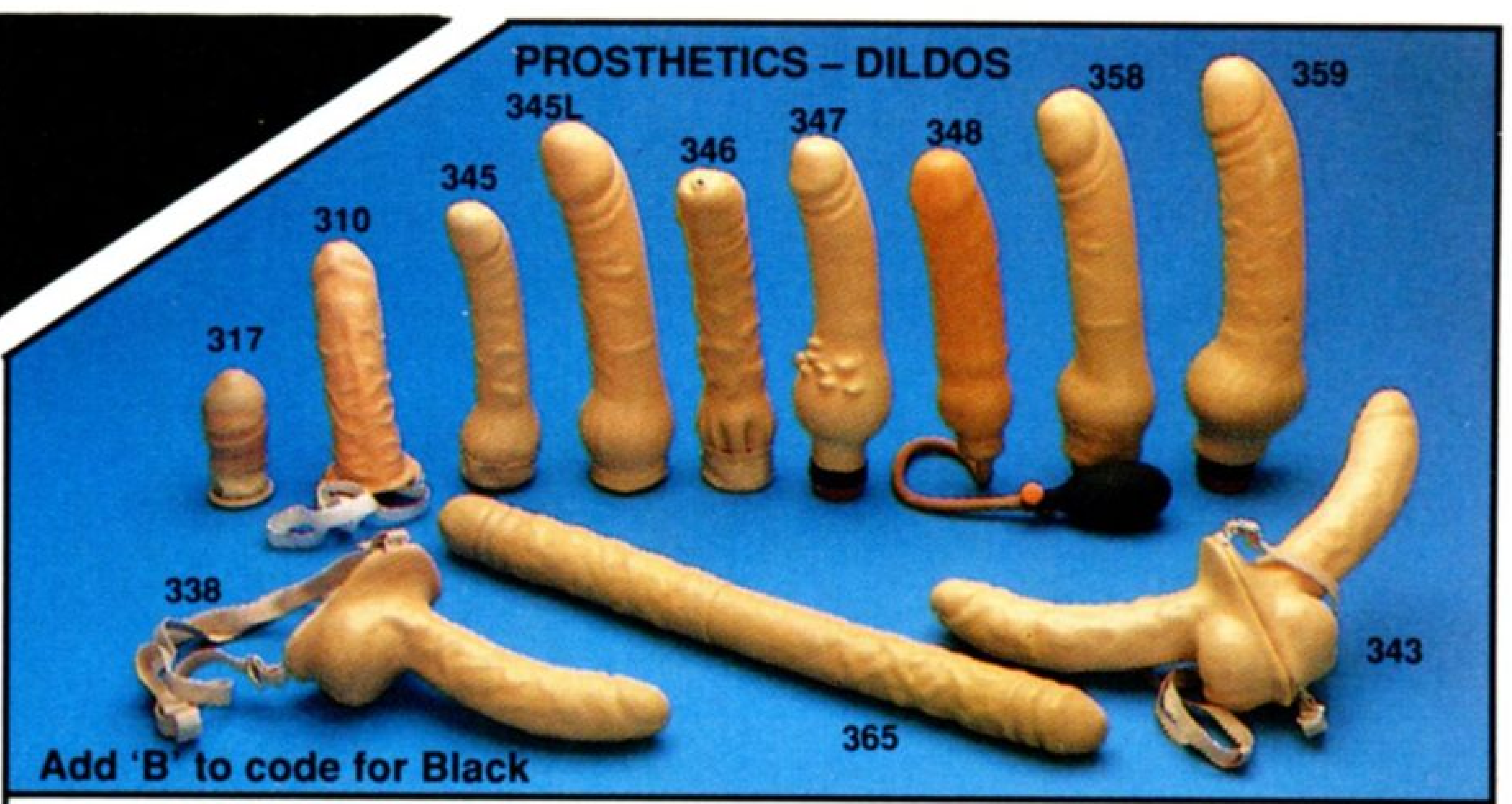
PROSTHETICS – DILDOS



Add 'B' to code for Black

PADDED SHEATH 303
It has an outer surface of plastic latex moulded to the natural shape of the penis and an inner lining of soft cushioned latex providing a firm grip for the inserted penis. Adds girth and an extra 1½" to the penis. Complete with body belt. £8.75

SUPPORT SHEATH 310
As 303 but with a special strengthening splint built into the body of the shaft providing extra support. Ideal for the man with erection difficulties. £9.75

EXTENSION SHEATH
A washable and reusable sheath with a solid tip that adds 1½" effective length to the male organ.
317 F Flesh or **317 B** Black £4.00

HAND PROSTHETIC
For use by the female partner when circumstances make normal intercourse impossible.

345	Standard model	£8.75
345L	Large standard model	£10.50
346	De luxe model with ejaculating action	£14.00
347	Vibrating model with built-in clitoral stimulator	£14.50
348	Pump-up model allowing variable size adjustment	£14.00

358 BULLY BOY
A vibrating hand prosthetic similar to the 'Pleaser 184' but with a larger length and girth £13.25

359 GIANT BULLY BOY
The largest dildo for females who demand something even bigger to satisfy. Built in vibrator. £14.75

PROSTHETIC WITH SCROTUM AND HARNESS
Designed for use between two females, it closely resembles the complete male genitals in form, texture and elasticity. It is supplied with an adjustable harness. The almost natural intercourse allowed by the appliance is of great value both physically and psychologically.

338	Standard model	£18.50
339	Ejaculating action	£20.00
340	Vibrating model	£21.00

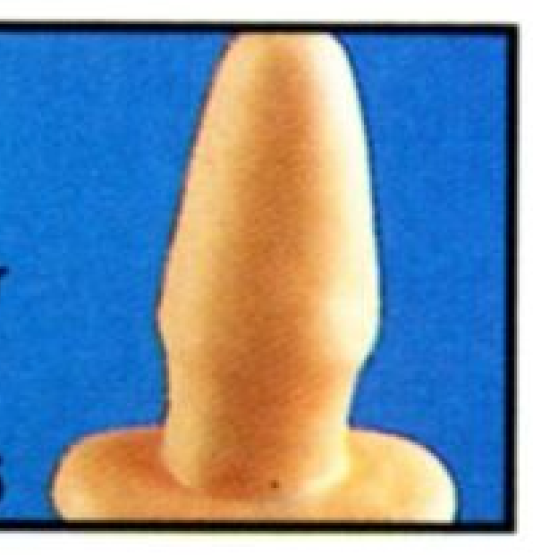
DOUBLE DILDO
As 338, but complete with double prosthetic and scrotum to provide maximum fulfilment for two females.

343	Standard model	£25.00
344	Vibrating model	£27.50

DOUBLE DONG
Highly flexible for every need.

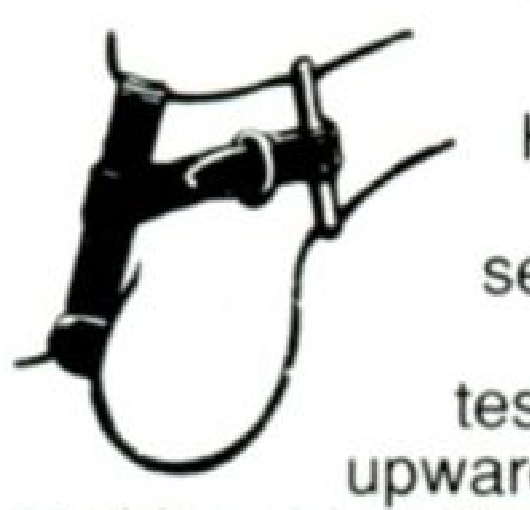
365	Standard model	£16.00
366	Vibrating model	£18.00

LOVE PLUG 725



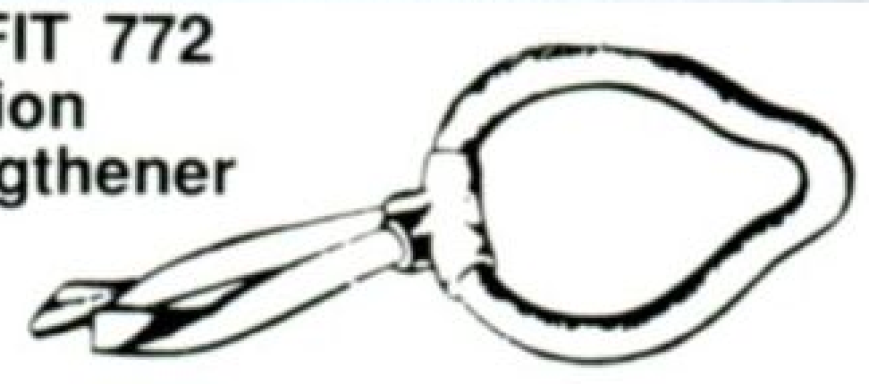
A vibrating plug for pure pleasure. Complete with 'T' bar end and separate multi-speed switch control £7.75

JACK STRAP 765



Hand-crafted in soft leather, this male sex aid will, by bringing the penis and testicles forwards and upwards produce an eye-catching girl-pulling bulge in tight jeans or trousers. Combines visual delight with physical pleasure £6.75.

MENFIT 772
Erection Strengthener



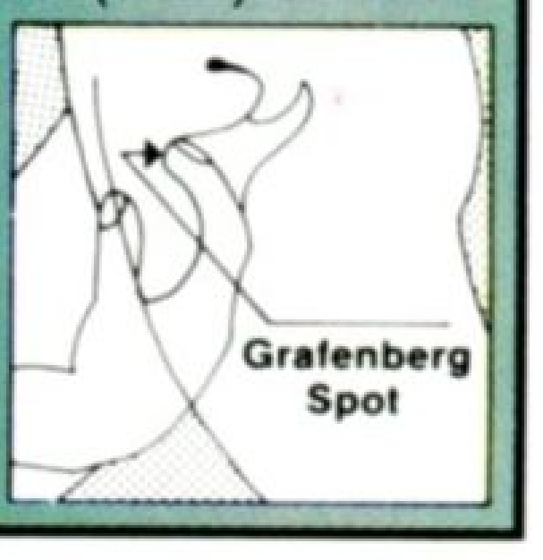
Possibly the best device yet produced for maintaining a firm erection. Pressure and size of ring can be adjusted to suit individual requirement. £4.00

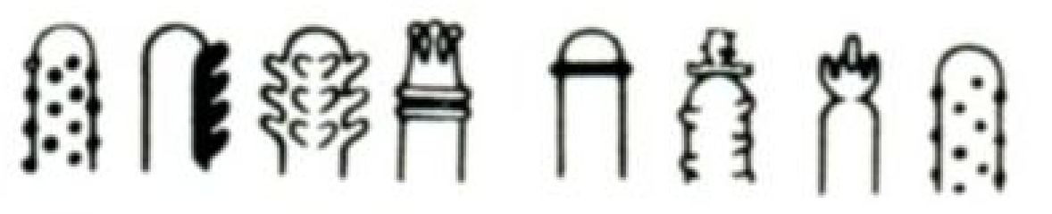
MALE POUCHES

Luxury male posing pouches to enhance the ego and excite your partner.
WET LOOK (as illustrated)
Black (882 B) or Red (882 R) £3.75
LEOPARD (885) £3.70
FISHNET Black (891) £4.00
SEE-THROUGH Nylon
Black (894 B) Red (894 R) £3.25
LEATHER Black (991) £12.00

'G' SPOT VIBRATOR

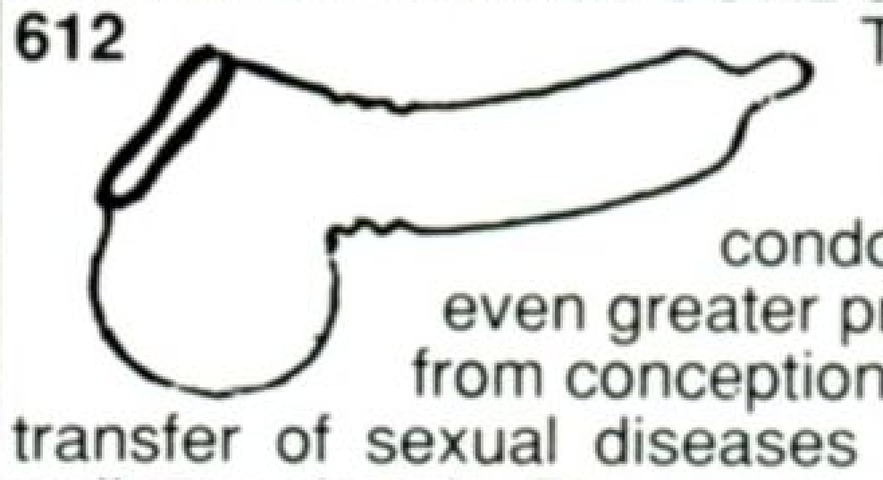
A flexible and specially curved vibrator enabling the 'Grafenberg Spot' to be stimulated. Discover and give this inner trigger spot its thrill of a lifetime.
188 MONSTER 'G'SPOT £12.50
189 STANDARD 'G' SPOT (Illst.) **£11.00**





FRENCH TICKLERS
Women love these erotic sheaths. The added profiles of soft latex help to heighten the sensitivity of the vaginal tract. Eight different shapes – all reusable – may differ from illustration.
601/4 Four for £3.75
601/8 All eight for £6.00

SUPER COVERALL CONDOM 612



This new extra strength condom gives even greater protection from conception and the transfer of sexual diseases than an ordinary sheath. Fits over both penis and testicles. Washable and reusable. £2.50

CREAMS & SPRAYS

ORALUBE for fruitier lovemaking
441 Banana **442** Chocolate
443 Strawberry £3.00
446 LOVE LUBE deluxe with water base. Ideal for all sexual purposes long lasting 60cc bottle £2.25
450 ACTION SPRAY
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Makes pussies purr for more! £3.20
464 TNT CREAM FOR MEN
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467 NIPPLEVITE
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471 VITAMIN E MASSAGE
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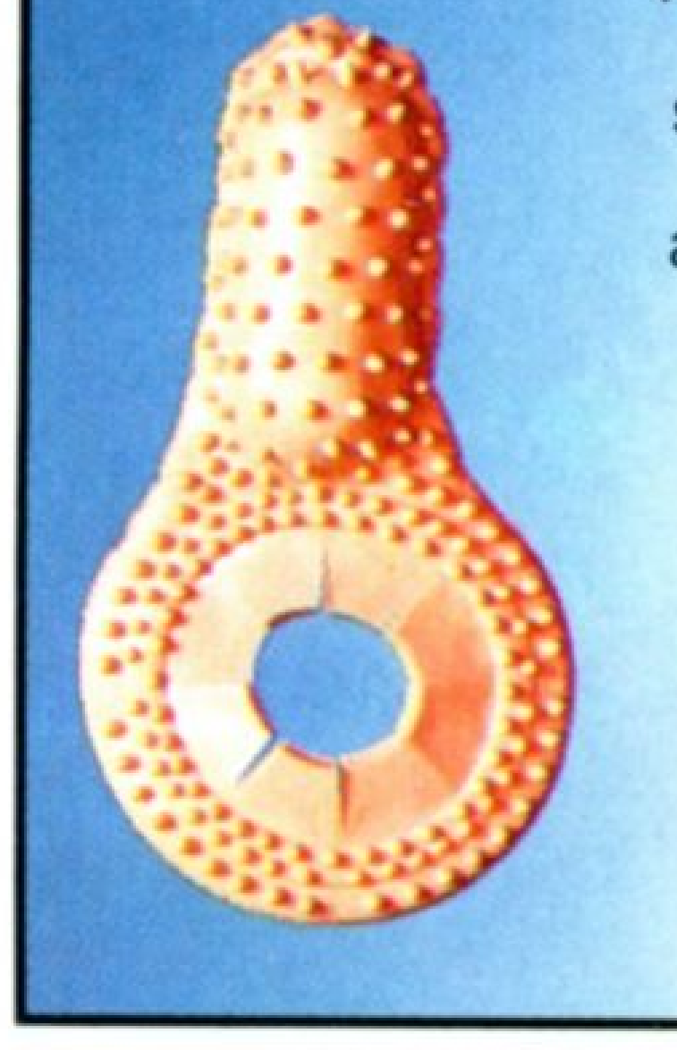
481 GINSENG CAPSULES £2.75
488 TOP STOP DELAY CREAM
Staying power for men £2.80
492 HEAT SUGAR
Sweeter love making! £2.50
3 for £8.00
or 5 for £12.50

FLEXI VIBRO RING 711



Vibrantly thrilling. Covered with sensual nipples, it fits snugly around the base of the penis and transmits its variable vibrations to the penis shaft and during lovemaking to the vaginal lips and clitoris. £8.25

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The board game that's guaranteed to release one's inhibitions. Sure to lead to a really swinging party. Strictly for the broad-minded. For two or more players.
Standard Lewdo 506 in postal tube £9.00
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VAGINAL DOUCHE 786
Used successfully by women throughout the world. Ideal for clearing and rinsing the vaginal passage. £9.50

CONDOMS

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Fetherlite extra fine	24	£4.60	☐
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My Tongue Around It	0898 700 358 (C)
I'll Swallow It	0898 300 817 (B)
Girlie Oral Action	0898 700 357 (E)
Games And Special Toys	0898 300 814 (B)
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My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 300 811 (E)
Bend Over, Take That	0898 700 358 (A)
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You've Been Naughty	0898 300 818 (E)
Stocks & Bonds	0898 300 819 (B)
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 100 449 (D)

SEX FILE SPECIALS

Susan (18) 34-22-34. I'm looking for men aged 18–45 for afternoon fun and games, no fees, will travel, call 0898 300 816 (A)

Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18–60 to ease my sexual appetite – are you willing? Must be free afternoons/evenings. Call 0898 300 816 (D)

Sammy (21) 35-22-35. Hi, I'll mouth off to you until you are completely satisfied. No fees, call 0898 300 813 (A)

Linda (2) 38-24-38. Frustrated housewife looking for action with all types of men. Not fussy, no fees, call 0898 300 818 (B)

Hi, I want to mouth off to you until you have gone all the way on 0898 700 387 (E)

Sarah (18) 36-24-36. Let's mouth off to each other on the phone and get really turned on. Call me for complete satisfaction on 0898 100 432 (D)

Tina and Gina doing their stuff live. Older woman, younger girl – you'll be hot when you hear the panting of our pleasure on 0898 700 355 (D)

Kay (18) 42-24-36. Big boobs, bubbly personality wants to meet you for afternoon fun and games. Let's have a wacking good time. Call 0898 700 368 (B)

Niki (24) 35-24-35. Hi, I want to talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied, let me be your phone affair. No fees at all, call 0898 700 387 (C)

Hi would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? No fees, will travel, call 0898 300 813 (D)

Sexually experienced lady requires virile men to act out fantasies with. No fees, will travel, direct contact on 0898 700 358 (B)

Midlands Swedish full body massage. Nothing held back, complete pleasure guaranteed. Will travel, 0898 700 354 (C)

Nympho Blonde girl (18) gives complete satisfaction on (no fees) 0898 700 354 (B)

Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? Call 0898 300 811 (A)

SEX CONTACTS (for entertainment only)

Ladies in your area that just love sex. When you dial we will give you an area code and just say yes to your area. The following girls and housewives are samples that may be available in your area. If the sex contact dialled is not in your area, you can either find her by using the general service or we can give out details of a different sex contact of similar age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as easy as that, so get dialling.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men (18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call 0898 300 811 (D)

Carole (36) 33-20-34. Slim, petite and very frustrated. I would like to meet men of any age for mutually benefitting afternoons. No fees at all, call 0898 300 813 (E)

Joan (37) 44-29-36. Plump housewife looking for adult entertainment, discretion assured. No fees at all, just pleasure, call 0898 100 447 (D)

Virgin girl needs an old man to give her sexual experience. Will accept anyone. Will travel to you. Call me on 0898 700 357 (C)

Live lesbian show pre-recorded and only on this number 0898 700 368 (E)

Lesbian massage with every extra imaginable. Very naughty very blue XXX rated has own car call me on 0898 100 447 (A)

Lesbian action all girl party recorded for your wet dreams. Love lesbians love their sex, call us on 0898 300 814 (C)

Male model wants to meet gays for live raw acts – explicit sexual demands. No charge. Call me on 0898 700 367 (D)

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call 0898 700 368 (A)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on 0898 300 819 (C)

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on 0898 100 432 (B)

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call 0898 300 818 (D)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on 0898 100 487 (B)

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on 0898 300 818 (A)

LIVE SEX RECORDINGS

Treat Me Like A Tart	0898 100 465 (E)
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 700 367 (C)
Video Vixens	0898 700 387 (A)
Dirty Talk	0898 700 367 (E)
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 700 354 (D)
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 700 354 (A)
Licking Girls	0898 700 367 (B)
Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 300 811 (C)
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 700 358 (D)
Hot Danish Girls	0898 100 487 (C)
Try The Filipino Way	0898 700 367 (A)
Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 358 (E)
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 700 355 (C)
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 100 449 (B)
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 100 447 (E)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My Sex Toys	0898 300 816 (E)
My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All	0898 700 368 (D)
Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me	0898 300 817 (A)
Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other	0898 300 811 (B)
Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 355 (E)
Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping	0898 700 355 (A)
I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You	0898 700 368 (C)
Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us	0898 300 814 (D)
Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You	0898 300 816 (C)
Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party	0898 700 355 (B)
My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties	0898 100 432 (A)
Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for You	0898 100 465 (A)
Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience	0898 300 814 (E)
Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please	0898 100 465 (D)
I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me	0898 100 449 (C)

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My First Time	0898 700 387 (D)
Climax With Me	0898 100 465 (C)
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 300 819 (E)
Oral Satisfaction	0898 300 818 (C)
French Oral	0898 300 819 (A)
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Across The Desk	0898 100 449 (E)
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Whacko	0898 300 817 (D)

SEX GAMES

Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one) 0898 300 859 (D)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one)

Strip And Bonk 0898 300 820 (B)
(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

Force Them To Do It 0898 300 820 (C)
(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object) 0898 300 859 (E)

Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do)

Filthy Talk 0898 300 820 (A)
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 300 857 (C)

Strange Ways
XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things)

Nobble The Virgin 0898 300 820 (E)
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) 0898 300 859 (A)

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) 0898 300 859 (B)

Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

Oral Antics 0898 300 859 (C)
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) 0898 300 820 (D)

Tell The Lesbians What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) 0898 300 867 (C)

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

Strip Her, Then Have Her 0898 300 867 (A)
(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) 0898 300 857 (D)

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

Three Way Wipe Out 0898 300 857 (A)
(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

Slime The Blonde 0898 300 857 (B)
(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.) 0898 300 867 (D)

Jump The Tart
(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.) 0898 300 867 (B)

Fireside Poker
(You have ten poke choices, if you choose the wrong one you have to poke yourself, our girls will tell you how.) 0898 300 857 (E)

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CALL HER ON 0898 224 297

MASTURBATE while I watch!! 0898 224 278
Caught talking DIRTY!! on 0898 224 250
GOBBLE GIRLS!! 0898 224 295
Giving the boss some HEAD!! on 0898 224 251
Juicy Lucy & Randy Mandy GO DOWN!! 0898 224 289
FANCY something different? 0898 224 252
Take off my WET PANTIES!! 0898 224 253
ORIENTAL tart needs STUFFING!! 0898 224 292
X~rated ORAL antics on 0898 224 254
Lusting for your LOINS on 0898 224 255
I'm a HOT LICKER...! 0898 224 256
CORNHOLE Connie wants 'u' on 0898 224 257
EASTERN EROTICA... 0898 224 288
I'll talk DIRTY while 'u' do it on 0898 224 258
FOURSOME in a SEX FRENZY on 0898 224 259
HORNY BEAVER!! 0898 224 260
Caught from BEHIND!! 0898 224 261
Share my SEXY CLOTHES! 0898 224 271
Back door DESIRE on 0898 224 262
Bottom SORE - but SATISFIED! 0898 224 266
Share my SEX TOYS with me! 0898 224 269
BETWEEN my cheeks! 0898 224 263
CLIMAX on my stockings... 0898 224 272
I'm Sally, SPANK me!! 0898 224 265
CUM!! Wear my knickers 0898 224 273
CLEAVAGE climax!! 0898 224 268
His SISTER'S panties... 0898 224 270
Spank me to climax! 0898 224 267
OVER YOUR KNEE!! 0898 224 264
Hot pussy in PVC!! 0898 224 274
SPURTS of LOVE!! 0898 224 293
Call for your RANDY rewards! 0898 224 283
LESBIAN'S first time!! 0898 224 296
Cream on my NIPPLES!! 0898 224 290
Rauchy, ready and SHAVEN!! 0898 224 286
Let me dress you dirty on 0898 224 275
SLIP into SLICK LIPS! 0898 224 280
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SUCKING sisters on 0898 224 282
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I"L DO IT WHILE YOU WATCH!! TALK TO ME ON 0898 224 281

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Very Experienced At 50	0898 362 674

MOUTH ACTION

My Mouth Is Ready	0898 442 217
Oral Pleasure	0898 442 218
In My Mouth	0898 442 219
All The Way	0898 442 220
My Tongue Around It	0898 442 221
I'll Swallow It	0898 442 223

GIRLS TOGETHER

Lesbian Oral Action	0898 442 224
Games and Special Toys	0898 442 225
Shower Lust	0898 442 226
Sixty Nine Girls	0898 442 227
Lesbian Fantasies	0898 442 228
Down On Each Other	0898 442 229

TAKE THAT!

Spanked Till Satisfied	0898 442 230
On My Lap	0898 442 231
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 442 232
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 442 233
Bend Over, Take That	0898 442 234
Smack My Bottom	0898 442 235

T.V. FUN

Dressed To Please	0898 442 236
Swapping With The Wife	0898 442 237
T.V. In Soho	0898 442 238
In Front Of The Mirror	0898 442 239

DRESSED TO PLEASE

My Black Stockings	0898 442 240
Striptease For You	0898 442 241
Mini Skirt & Stockings	0898 442 243
Silk Stockings & Suspenders	0898 442 245
Wet T Shirt	0898 442 246
Bra Busting 42D	0898 442 247

SPECIALS

You've Been Naughty	0898 442 248
Stocks & Bonds	0898 442 249
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 442 456
Nympho Housewife	0898 442 257
Play With Me	0898 442 258
Treated Like A Slave	0898 442 259
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 442 260
Video Vixens	0898 442 261
Dirty Talk	0898 442 262
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 442 263
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 442 264
Licking Girls	0898 442 265

CONTINENTAL

Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 442 266
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 442 267
Hot Danish Girls	0898 442 268
Try The Filipino Way	0898 442 269

PERSONAL PLEASURE

Let Me Slide It In	0898 442 270
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 442 271
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 442 272
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 442 273
Lesbian First Time	0898 442 274
Climax With Me	0898 442 275
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 442 276
Oral Satisfaction	0898 442 277
French Oral	0898 442 278
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 442 279

HANKY SPANKY

Across The Desk	0898 442 235
In The Study	0898 442 234
Whacko	0898 442 233
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Over My Knee	0898 442 231
Whipped Cream	0898 442 230

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Cycle Club Lovers	0898 362 676
Male Confessions	0898 362 675
After The Game	0898 362 682

ORAL DELIGHT

I'll Suck It Now	0898 442 223
Throb In My Throat	0898 442 221
Wicked Tongue	0898 442 220
My Mouth Is Open	0898 442 219
Deep Throat	0898 442 218
Tongue Tied	0898 442 217

HOT ACTION

Wild Lesbians At It	0898 442 280
A Good Hard Spank	0898 442 281
Hand Relief	0898 442 282
In My Knickers	0898 442 283
Randy Housewife	0898 442 284 0898 442 285
Restrained Pleasure	0898 442 588
Boobs For You	0898 442 589
Mistress Will Do Anything	0898 442 590
Hot Lips To Please	0898 442 591
Wet & Ready	0898 700 592
Gay College Girls	0898 300 593
Ultimate Pleasure	0898 300 594
Six Of The Best	0898 300 595
I'll Play With You	0898 300 596

ALL THE WAY

My Knickers Are Down	0898 442 597
Let Me Make It Grow	0898 442 598
Wet Dreams	0898 442 162
Girls Strap it On	0898 442 164
Dirty Talker	0898 442 194
Shaved & Ready	0898 362 679
It Watched My Neighbour	0898 362 680
Come With Me	0898 362 681

GAY FUN

Brian In The Showers	0898 362 682
Mens Talk	0898 362 675
Cycle Club Lust	0898 362 676

FANTASY DIALING

Aged 50 & Experienced	0898 362 674
First Time Lesbian	0898 362 676
Randy and Ready	0898 362 678
My Fingers Are Playing	0898 362 672
Slow Start/Fast Finish	0898 362 673

INFERNO LINES

My Hand Will Excite	0898 300 596
Whacking Good Time	0898 300 595
Any And Every Way	0898 300 594
College Lesbians	0898 300 593
Wet & Willing	0898 700 592
Oral Action	0898 442 591
I'll Do Anything	0898 442 590
Explore My Boobs	0898 442 589
Bound To Please	0898 442 588 0898 442 285
Frustrated Wife	0898 442 284
Knicker Delight	0898 442 283
Taken In Hand	0898 442 282
Spanked Till Satisfied	0898 442 281
Lesbians Go All The Way	0898 442 280

SHE MAN DELIGHT

Posing On The Corner	0898 442 239
T.V. On The Town	0898 442 238
In My Wife's Undies	0898 442 237
Dressed To Thrill	0898 442 236

BIZARRE

Girls Using Their Tongues	0898 442 265
Next Door Nympho	0898 442 264
Girls Into Rubber	0898 442 263
Talking Like A Tart	0898 442 262
Hot Video Girls	0898 442 261
Hand Job	0898 442 260
Strict Mistress Dominates	0898 442 259
Climax With Me	0898 442 258
Husband Away Let's Play	0898 442 257
Lesbian Next Door	0898 442 256 0898 442 249
1-2-3-, Over My Knee	0898 442 248

EUROPE'S HOTTEST

Oriental Special	0898 442 269
Scandinavian Orgy	0898 442 268
Dutch Lesbians At It	0898 442 267
Danish 'O' Level	0898 442 266

DIAL NOW!

Calls charged at 36p per min. cheap rate, 48p all other times. STG. P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ.

XXX CLIMAX

Masturbate Together	0898 362 681
My Neighbour & My Wife	0898 362 680
My Roving Razor	0898 362 679
I'll Talk Dirty	0898 442 194
Two Girls, One Toy	0898 442 164
Climax Over Me	0898 442 162
I'll Unzip You	0898 442 598
Take My Knickers Off	0898 442 597

DRESSED TO THRILL

Big Boobs To Please	0898 442 247
See Through Blouse	0898 442 246
Stockings To Delight	0898 442 245
Split Skirt & Stockings	0898 442 243
Strip Special	0898 442 241
Stockings & Suspenders	0898 442 240

PLEASURE LINES

42D – Play With Me	0898 442 278
I'll Take It All	0898 442 277
Ready For You	0898 442 276
Let's Climax Together	0898 442 275
Bonking Lesbians	0898 442 274
Get It Out	0898 442 273
Playing With Myself	0898 442 272
Fantasise With Me	0898 442 271
All The Way	0898 442 270

ALL GIRL ACTION

Playing Together	0898 442 229
Lesbian Desires	0898 442 228
Licked To Excite	0898 442 227
Shower Girls	0898 442 226
Into Each Other	0898 442 225
Miss Muff Goes Down	0898 442 224

AN ALL NEW VIDEO OFFER!

4 FULL LENGTH FEATURE FILMS - UNDER £2 EACH

Private Lines, 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE

Product Code (5MA6004)

4 HOT & HARD SEX VIDEO TITLES

INCREDIBLE!

THESE 4 FULL LENGTH FEATURE FILMS WERE ~~£49.95~~ or more EACH. Now all 4 can be yours for just

£7·95

YES, that's right — £7·95 FOR ALL 4 NOT £7·95 EACH

Josie is a real life nymphomaniac who is so depraved she has to keep an Appointment Book. When she is overbooked, the system really breaks down as she is screwed by one and all. Includes multiple sex action, oral orgasms and two-handed ejaculation.

Three sexy young couples agreed to visit our sex shops, take a selection of their choice and let us film them in use:- Julie & Jim choose love eggs, love cream and some porno mags. Peter & Mary choose a 10" dildo and some very sexy underwear. Kay & Allan — choose 'his & hers' blow-up dolls. Watch the results — it's really worth watching.

The beautiful lady at Woodhurst Castle invites everyone to a mystery party. After dinner the excitement begins as the guests go off in small groups. 2 girls and one guy, screwing and sucking. One lovely dominates two strapping males and we do mean strapping. Then two girls in lesbian lust, which leads to a four girl and 3 guy orgy.

The French Maid spills wine down the hostess and she's not wearing a bra or panties. The dress soaked through exposes her big breasts. Seeing this she asks the maid to help her off with her dress to reveal all. The husband is first to move when he pushes his hand up the maid's legs straight into her hot, open pussy.

What you get is four full length horny hot & hard Video Films Originally priced ~~£49.95~~ or more each. YES — 4 FULL LENGTH FILMS AT UNDER £2 EACH.

ALL THESE FILMS WERE ~~£49.95~~ EACH — Take ALL 4 FOR Only £7·95. YES, That's Only £7·95 FOR ALL 4 NOT £7·95 EACH

☎ CREDIT CARD
24hr PHONE LINE
081-534 8855

☎ **'Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games'**. Call me for action on **0898 886 409**
Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate, 48p a minute at all other times

City Trading Ltd., Reg Office, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Rd., London E15. Reg. No. 2174568

VERY IMPORTANT:

We would like to point out that these video films are full length hard-core features showing explicit sex action. Not 'soft shorts' like those offered by our competitors, that only last 10 to 15 minutes each.

CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat 9.30am-6pm (Fri. 8pm) Prices shown are for Mail Order and Callers who present this advertisement prior to purchase.

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*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

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SP19

PRIVATE LINES (Dept), 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE

Please rush me, under plain cover, the 4 full length sex films on a VHS Video:- (5MA6004)

▶ APPOINTMENT FOR SEX ▶ CHANNEL 69 ▶ BLUE MAGIC ▶ BON APPETIT

I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £7.95 Plus £2.05 to cover the cost of compiling and despatch = total £10.00

If paying by cheque make payable to MO Division and add your name and address to reverse side.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____________________ *Postcode* ____________________

I certify that I am over 18 years of age and have full knowledge that these films are Adult Sex Movies on a video cassette ____________________ *Signed*

1449

KNEEL BEFORE ME!
0898 442 719

CROSS DRESSER DELIGHT, RING FOR SPECIAL DETAILS
0898 442 492

SHAVING GIRLS IN STOCKINGS
0898 442 721

ACROSS THE DESK
0898 442 726

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 442 720

LET'S CLIMAX TOGETHER
0898 442 711

GIRLS TALK OF INTIMATE EXPERIENCES
0898 442 732

HOT ADULT ACTION
0898 442 722

LET ME GIVE YOU HAND RELIEF YOU WILL ENJOY
0898 442 731

LISTEN TO ME PLAYING WITH MY VIBRATOR
0898 442 734

RAUNCHY SEX!

At your fingertips

BRA BUSTING 42DD STRIP SPECIAL
0898 442 727

OVER MY KNEE
0898 442 730

ORAL PLEASURE
0898 442 723

PLAYING WITH MYSELF
0898 442 725

I'LL SWALLOW IT
0898 442 733

IN MY MOUTH
0898 442 728

LICKING LESBIANS
0898 442 724

GET DOWN ON IT!
0898 442 729

CONFESSIONS OF A NYMPHO
0898 442 491

CALLS CHARGED AT 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
STG. P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

The latest News on

Reprint of a Fiona Wright Press Report

☎ **'PART MY KNICKERS'** (hot naughty sexy talk). Call **0898 884 942.**
Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate, 48p a minute at all other times

HARD-CORE VIDEOS

It's all action

More cut-price videos

Outrageous

A BEVY of beautiful professional strippers reveal all in non-stop sex action. Features the wildest wettest strip ever featured on video. All girls parade around featuring front and rear close ups. A real treat on film. One you will want to watch again and again and again.
Was ~~£49.95~~ now only £9.95.

Housewife Special

HORNY housewives is a must for all blue movie watchers. Undies lovers will really get off on this one. A couple of randy nurses get together for mutual relief—and Debra's boyfriend decides he wants to share her with all his pals. A shattering climax.
Was ~~£49.95~~ now only £9.95.

Blue Climax

I NEVER knew what was possible with three men, a woman and a sex toy—yet these girls and guys do!! It is hard, it is blue but it is definitely not for the faint hearted! Real action that you will not find on any usual video for hire or sale in any normal sex shop. Even I picked up a few tricks from these scenes!!
Was ~~£49.95~~ now only £9.95.

Private Shots

And you will want to view this in private! Four amazing sexual films for the price of one! SWEET AWAKENING, GIRL OF PASSION, SHE KNEW NO OTHER WAY, SEXORCIST. Four hard blue films, featuring scenes of explicit sexual nature, these films leave nothing to the imagination, nor do they leave you unsatisfied. A fantastic bargain worth every single penny. (These videos feature scenes of group, lesbian and oral sex, all clearly descriptive).
Sells in Soho sex shops for ~~£59.95.~~ My special price for all four on video only £12.95.

Hardcore

SCENE after scene of sensual lust, featuring group action, girl orgies and mutual sexual relief. A film that will be HARD to follow!! The film is titled HARDCORE so don't expect anything less.
Sells in SOHO sex shops for ~~£59.95.~~ Now only £11.95.

Mr Gay

A HOST of handsome men parading for your pleasure. They're fit, they're slim, they're lusty and they are not shy! This video contains sex scenes and you should not purchase if you are under 21 and not experienced in gay sexual experiences.
Soho sells it for ~~£59.95~~ Today from me only £11.95

Fiona Wright investigates No. 2

VIDEOS

M.O. DIVISION, FW, 34 UPTON LANE, FOREST GATE, LONDON E7 9LN

Dear Readers

YOU really are a horny lot aren't you!! When I investigated blue movies my mail bag was over flowing with thousands of orders.

You loved the cheap prices I negotiated for you and genuine sex scenes that the videos offered.

The response was so great that I have brought you yet another fabulous collection.

All are at specially discounted prices and once again the quality and genuine sex content is second to none.

It is not my intention to offend my loyal readers.

Graphic

So I must point out that these contain scenes of graphic group sex, lesbian sex, self relief and close up shots of male and female genitals.

Please do not purchase this material if you are under 18 or you are not a sexually broadminded adult.

Love Fiona xxx

I CAN SAVE YOU £££££ ON THESE OFFERS

MIND BLOWING EXCLUSIVE OFFER!

WARNING: The following videos are uncertified, imported from Europe and the USA. These videos are totally uncensored by the official Censor featuring hardcore scenes. These are not for sale in any outlet in the UK. These videos contain highly explicit sexual material. They feature close ups of intercourse by groups, lesbians males and females.

Rodox

GENUINE oral group and lesbian sex action. It's fast moving, explicit and horny. Close-up shots of sexual relief, see it all in full colour. You will not be able to buy anything else like this in the UK.
Was ~~£49.95.~~ Today only £11.95.

Color Climax

ONE man tries to satisfy a group of horny girls. When he fails they turn to each other! Group female action in close-up feature shots. You will not believe your eyes when you see what these girls can do for each other. A real lesbian fantasy.
Was ~~£54.95.~~ Now only £11.95

Exciting

GROUP sex action, college girl wants to give them much more than an apple!! See what horny girls like to do to the men in their life, and to each other. Dirty action that left me in a state of sexual fulfilment.
Was ~~£49.95.~~ Now only £11.95.

Busen

PENETRATING video on all counts Amateur girls in tight white panties are stripped for all their mutual pleasures. Leaves nothing to the imagination. Very horny. Close ups to satisfy all full-bloodied men.
Was ~~£54.95.~~ Now only £11.95.

If **YOU** want to get all the above videos. I have negotiated a special deal with my European dealers. You can have them for **ONLY** £39.95. How's that for a massive saving?

☎ **CREDIT CARD 24hr PHONE LINE 081-534 8855**

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HOW TO GET YOURS

M.O. DIVISION, FW, (Dept CI) 34 UPTON LANE, LONDON E7 9LN

Please rush me the VHS Videos indicated (tick) in plain wrapper. I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £________ including just £1 p&p no matter how many videos I order (make cheques payable to MO Division and add your name and address to reverse side).

- ☐ Outrageous £9.95
- ☐ Housewife Special £9.95
- ☐ Blue Climax £9.95
- ☐ Private Shots £12.95
- ☐ Hard-core £11.95
- ☐ Mr Gay £11.95
- ☐ Rodox £11.95
- ☐ Color Climax £11.95
- ☐ Exciting £11.95
- ☐ Busen £11.95
- ▶ ☐ All 4 above titles Only £39.95 ◀

Name ____________________

Adddress ____________________

____

____________________ Postcode ________

I am aware of the nature of these videos and agree not to show them to minors.

I am over 18 ____________________ Signed

1544

City Trading Ltd. Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, London E15 4JT. Reg No. 2174568

P.V Sales, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN

8 EXPLICIT IMPORTED HARD-SEX VIDEO TITLES

FOR LESS THAN £5 each

Uncensored by the BBFC

PRICE BUSTING

These explicit video titles were £49.95 each and more — now when buying at least 4 titles you can have them for under £5 each.

1992 IS HERE!

1992 is European Unification Year and it means freedom of movement across National boundaries. It also means explicit, hard-core videos from Europe can now be sold in the UK; and they are uncensored by the BBFC. One of our warehouses is packed high with it and from now on this is the material we will send you.

YES THAT'S RIGHT ▶ 4 For Only £19.95 NOT £19.95 EACH Grab all 8 FOR ONLY £37.50

OFFER A

TAKE THESE FOUR REAL HARD-SEX VIDEO TITLES FOR ONLY £19.95

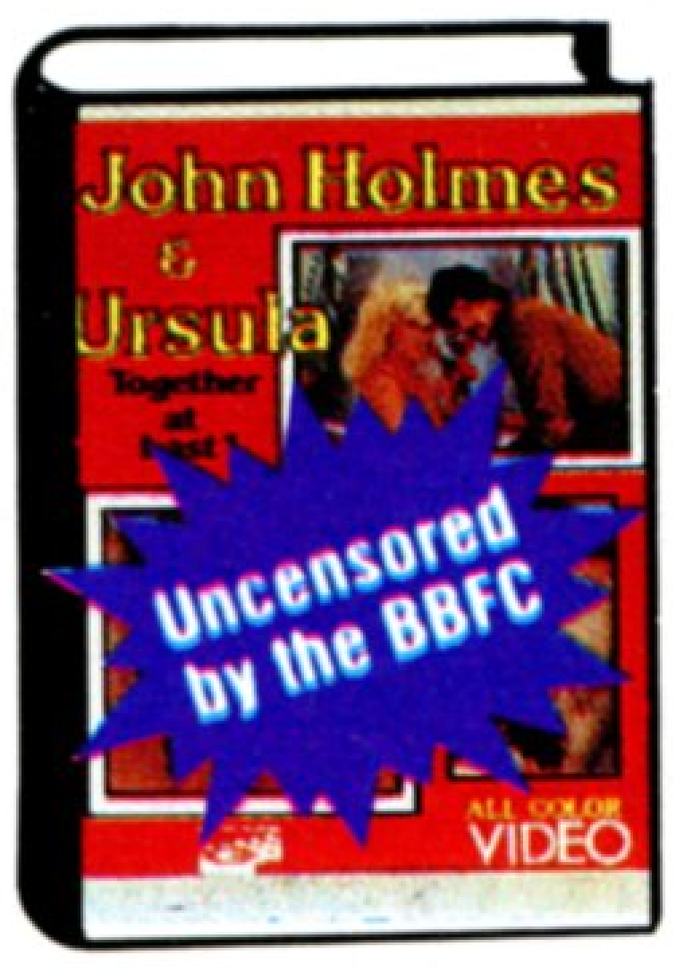
YES, THAT'S RIGHT — ALL 4 FOR ONLY £19.95 — NOT £19.95 EACH. Only sold in batches of 4 to minimize transport and handling costs.

COLOR CLIMAX 125

See one girl satisfy four horny studs in an ejaculation special PLUS lesbian and hot dildo action features.

Originally priced at ~~£49.95~~

JOHN HOLMES & URSULA



He's the man with the biggest dong ever and he uses all his 10" to great effect on the well endowed Ursula.

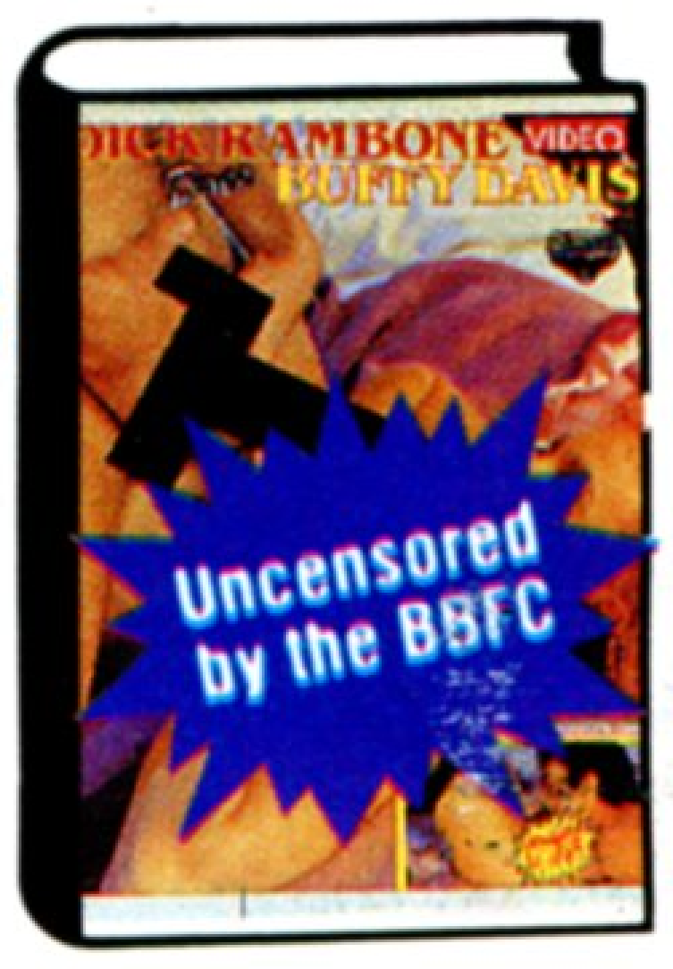
Former price ~~£49.95~~

BLUE SCREW

Double and triple lesbian fun. Orgasms, ejaculation and deep penetration PLUS a 3 girl/1 guy orgy and a 3 girl lesbian orgy.

Original price ~~£59.95~~

DICK RAMBONE & BUFFY DAVIS



Dick flases 9" of muscle at Buffy and scores first time. He then gives it to two lovely lesbians.

Former price ~~£49.95~~

OFFER B

REAL HARD-SEX VIDEO TITLES — TAKE ALL 4 FOR ONLY £19.95

YES, THAT'S RIGHT — ALL 4 FOR ONLY £19.95 — NOT £19.95 EACH. Only sold in batches of 4 to minimize transport and handling costs.

SEKA SPECIAL

Stripping off Seka swallows hard before taking it between her legs PLUS porno Nurse, lesbian climax and orgy action.

Originally priced at ~~£49.95~~

SEXY GIRLS

Packed with well built sexy girls and a variety of household implements PLUS finger sex and a very large selection of very large dildoes.

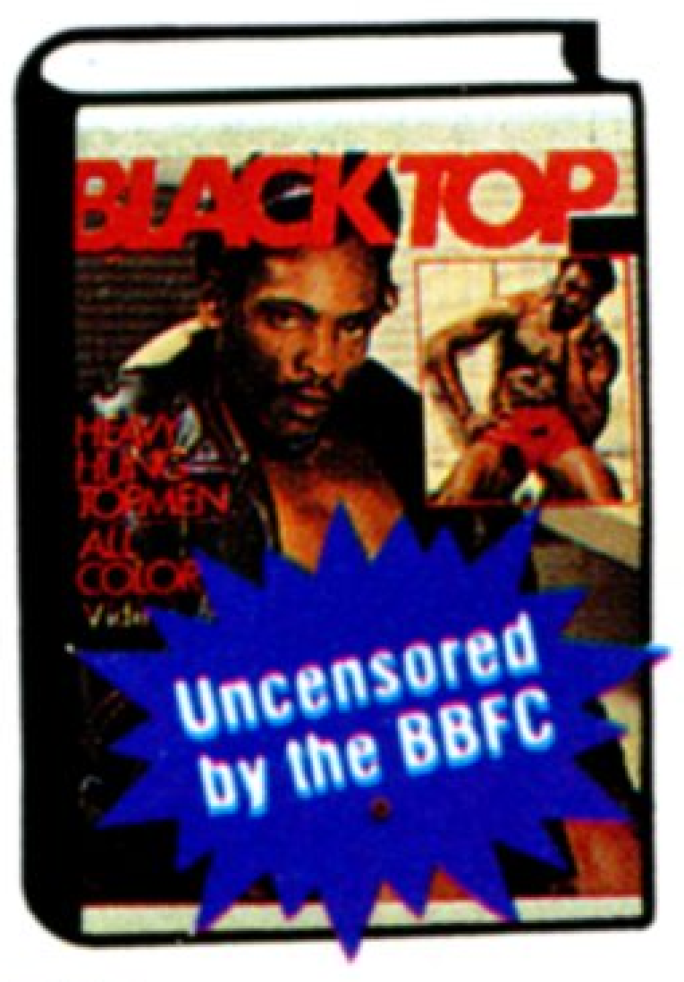
Formally ~~£59.95~~

EXCITING

Full from end to end with big dick entry and a sensational feature of 3 Army girls — dressed for battle — in a horny lesbian group.

Original price ~~£49.95~~

BLACKTOP



For gays and girls who like them big. All male action with rampant muscular action — bigger than ever before.

Former price ~~£49.95~~

☎ **2 SWEDISH GIRLS** . . . pure pleasure **0898 770 223** ☎ **3 Scandanavian girls** . . . total pleasure **0898 770 319**

Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate; 48p a minute at all other times.

CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat. 9.30-6pm (Fri. 8pm) Prices or offers shown are for Mail Order or Callers who present this advertisement prior to purchase.

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1569

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alex

Photographs by Scott Evans

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INNOCENT
0836 402 136

LADY IN LEATHER
0836 402 127

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YOU
0836 402 139

DIRTY FILFTHY SEX
TALK BY HORNY
HOUSEWIFE
0836 403 396

ALL FOUR FINGERS
0836 402 132

LICK ME **0836 402 140**
WET GIRLS **0836 402 141**
SLEAZY SEX **0836 401 142**
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ACTION
0836 402 146

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COME WITH ME
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0836 402 129
FAST RELIEF
0836 402 130

BLACK STOCKINGS &
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PANTIES
0836 403 397

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MAKE YOU SHOOT &
SHOOT
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SUCKS
0836 402 144

MY LEGS ARE OPEN
0836 402 137

WICKED YOUNG WIFE LIKES
IT HARD
0836 403 358

SPANK ME TO A CLIMAX
0836 402 133

TENDER WHITE
CHEEKS RAISED AND
READY
0836 402 134

WEAR MY STOCKINGS
& SUSPENDERS
0836 402 119

SLIPPERY LIPS
0836 402 128
UP MY MOUTH
0836 402 131

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Fat Horney Housewife	0836 403 783
Playing With Myself	0836 403 784
Dressed Like A Tart	0836 403 785
Slip Between Them	0836 403 786
Bare Bottom, Pink & Flushed*	0836 403 787
I'm Naughty, Spank Me	0836 403 788
Let Me Lick It Up and Down	0836 403 789
Skirt Around My Waist	0836 403 790
Soft Parted Lips	0836 403 791
Sexually Deprived Divorcee	0836 403 792
Complete Oral Satisfaction	0836 403 793
Shoot All Over Me	0836 403 794
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SECRETARY, 29 years, blonde, blue eyes, quite tall, seeks non-serious sexual relationship with active physical man. 0836 403 702.

YOUNG sexy lady seeks modelling work, not shy. 0836 403 703.

MY speciality is a hand job, but I can just talk dirty if that's what you want. Call 0836 403 704.

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RANDY convent educated nympho, just 18, dark hair, top heavy (38″) wants sex all the time. Phone Mary on 0836 403 706.

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Lines are for entertainment only and messages may change from advertised. Supplied by First Step Productions. P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 36p per min. cheap. 48p per min. other times.

TRACEY

Photographs by Jack Harrison

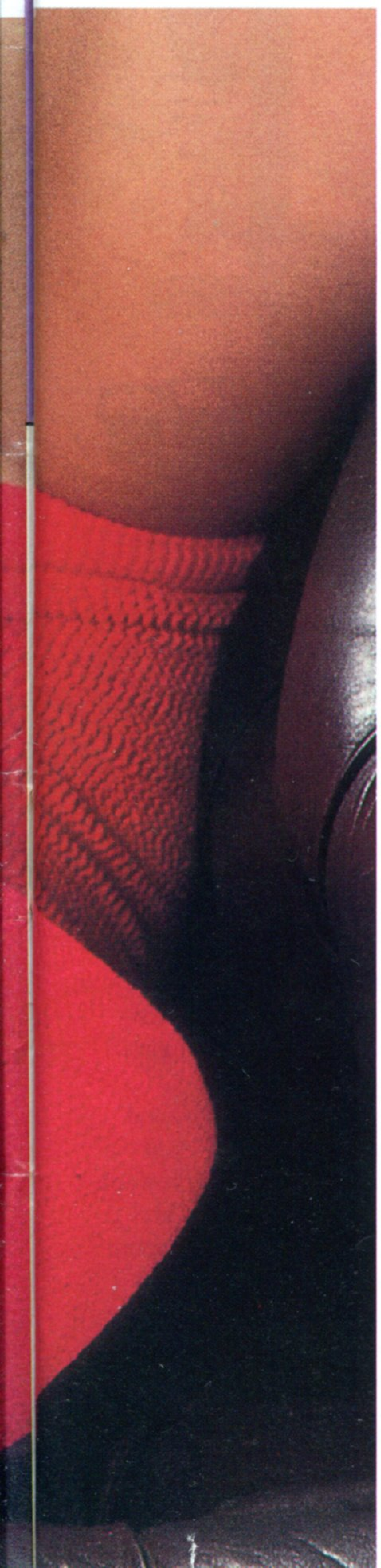
It's hard to believe that 21-year-old Tracey used to be a shy girl when it came to showing off her body.

"I always used to hide behind flowing skirts and baggy jumpers," confesses Tracey, who made her Club debut last year. "Then one night I went out dancing with a few friends and they insisted on dressing me up in a really sexy see-through dress that showed off everything — and I mean everything!

"All the blokes couldn't believe their eyes as they

watched the way my bum wiggled from side to side; a few of them even had the cheek to stroke it too!

"Now I'm not in the least bit shy," giggles Tracey. "In fact I've got a bit of reputation as a right little raver and I'm quite happy to show all you fellas exactly *what I'm made of!"* ♣



COMING IN club

SHE'S BACK!

You begged. You pleaded. You said, "Aww, go on, pleeeeze. We'll give you a bite of our Toffee Crisp if you do." And finally, when you offered us large amounts of money, we said yes: Lucy can return! Yep, our most popular girl *ever* will appear next month in her rudest, cutest, juiciest set yet. Lucy posed directly after reading a mountain of your letters, and as you'll see, they certainly put her in the mood to let herself go... ♣

Volume 21 Number 3
On sale February 27

IN THE BAG

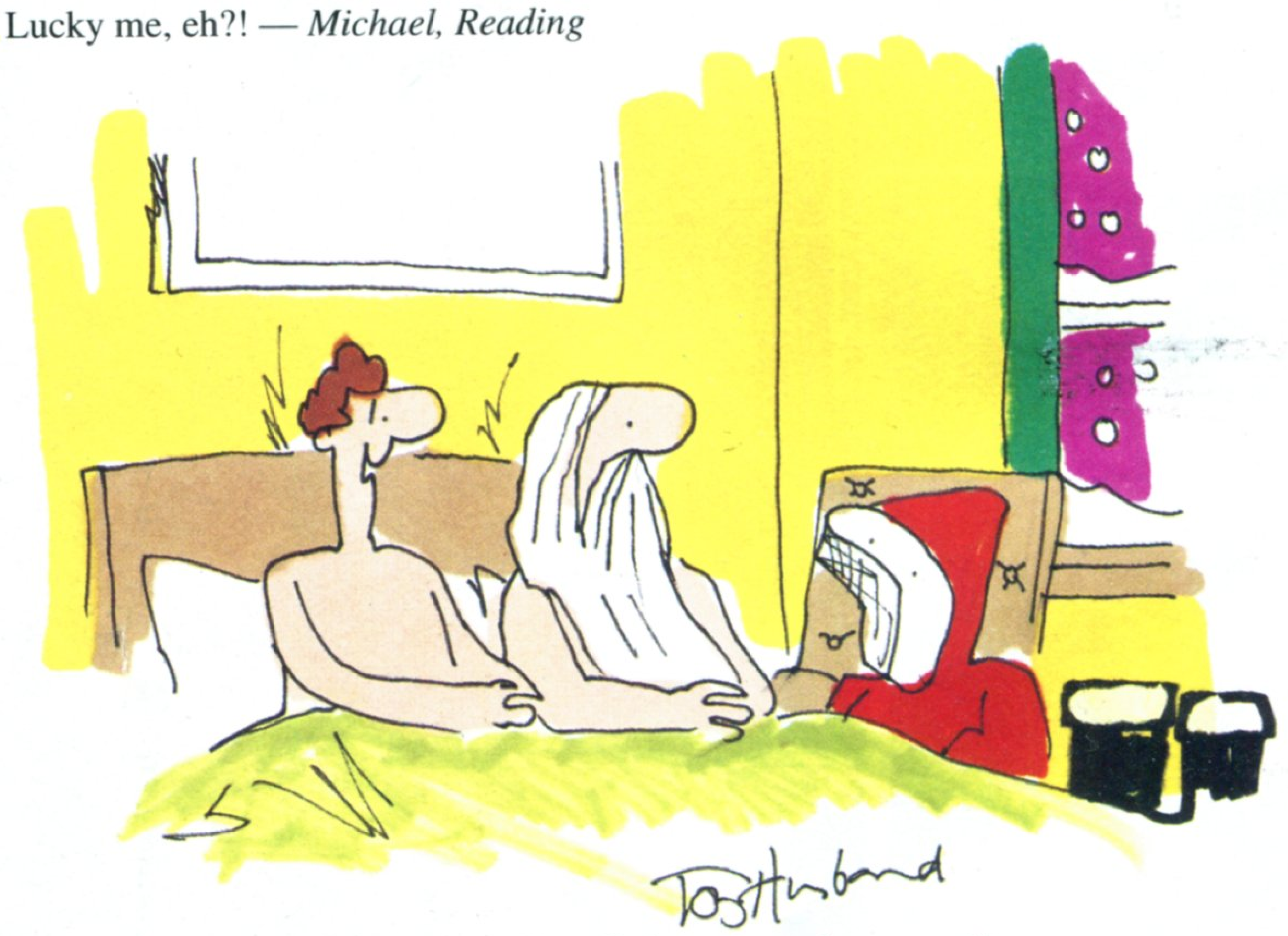
continued from page 32

Rolling her onto her back, I quickly mounted her and she wrapped her legs around my waist while I smoothly drove home into her beautiful, hot, tight and wet pussy.

She moaned loudly and wriggled beneath me while I enjoyed her exquisite little cunt, revelling once more in a teenage twat for the first time in years. Showing her suppleness Amanda Jane put those lovely long legs over my shoulder and now I fucked her even harder and deeper, my balls slapping against her bum with each and every thrust.

She climaxed again and again and it all became too much for me. I grasped my cock and sprayed my sticky spunk all over her flat stomach and she purred like the cat who got the cream.

What an absolutely amazing shag Amanda Jane was! I've arranged to meet her in the hotel again next month. Lucky me, eh?! — *Michael, Reading*



"Wow, wait till I tell the guys at the sauna!"

Boffing Boss

My son, Barry, was desperately unhappy at his first job as a garden-shop assistant. According to Barry, his boss was a real bastard — and I was starting to get really annoyed by the bad treatment my son was receiving. I've a very dominant personality, so I decided to go and give him a piece of my mind.

I walked into the garden shop and barged up to a handsome looking lad of about 30. "I'm looking for the manager," I said in my best hoity-toity voice.

"You've found him, madam." he replied. I was a bit shocked; my preconceptions were of a balding fat 50-year-old in a suit. "Obviously you're distressed madam," he said, in a caring voice, "so let's go to my office and discuss your problem." He was being so nice — where was this horrible ogre I had expected?

When in his office I stuttered and stammered my distress at the treatment of my son and actually found out a few home truths. My son had been playing up badly at work, always late, lazy and rude towards customers. I felt incredibly embarrassed and apologised profusely.

The manager, who I later found out was called Dave, came over and placed a gentle hand on my shoulder. What felt like a bolt of electricity shot through my body; I couldn't control myself and I turned and kissed him. Luckily, Dave responded by snaking his tongue into my mouth, lifting me up in his arms and lying me on his desk. He pulled up my skirt and took my already creamy knickers off, before chewing on my clitty. Excitement was building in my cunt, and I came straight away. He looked up, grinned, then pulled his jeans down and pumped his rock hard prick in and out of my cunt. I could hear my juices squelching, and orgasm after orgasm ran through me.

Dave's cock started jerking, and his hot spunk shot into me, as he gasped loudly. It was fast, furious and fantastic — just the way I like it!

Unbeknownst to my son, Dave and I are now having a red hot affair — though I'm sure he's wondering why his boss is being a hell of a lot more lenient towards him! — *Peggy, Hull*

Juicy Lucy!

I've been a reader of Club for five years now, and during those years I have voted in every Girl of the Year contest, but this year's winner had to be the hardest to pick; because during 1991 you had so many beautiful girls in the magazine!

In the end I plumped for Lucy, and you can imagine how pleased I was when she actually won, and my reward was a glorious set of pictures of her! Please, please, please can we see more of lovely Lucy?! —*Mark, Aberdeen*

You're in luck, Mark, 'cos if you look to your left you'll see that she's back again next month. Enjoy! —The Ed ♣

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